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A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

A Pretty and Honest Historical Play—Clancarty the Man and Hero to Win a Woman Through Her Sensibilities—Bygone Heroes of the Drama—Claude Duval and Hamlet—The Theatre the Refuge of Believers in Romanticism—A Dramatist Honored by His Native City—The Quiet Revolution at Wallack's.

Lady Clancarty is a pretty and honest historical play. There is less claptrap about it than Tom Taylor usually employs, and the influence of Steele Mackaye, who collaborated the work with him, is discernible in the turn of the plot.

If there is a thin spot in it to the "carping judge," it is Lady Clancarty's somewhat predetermined and effusive love for a husband of whom she knows so little and has seen so seldom.

And yet, for the purposes of romance, Clancarty, as represented in this play, is just the man and hero to win a woman in a trice through her sensibilities.

He is really a revival of some of the best features of a romanticism that all our imaginative and industrious writers are trying to bury out of sight.

From James to Boyesen they all sneer at the old romanticism and try to put the new psychology in its place.

The heroes of the popular drama were once the Ruy Blas, the Petruchios, the Romeos, the Monte Cristos, the defender of Black-Eyed Susan. Vagabonds and princes, they loved, fought, starved and died and went to Heaven in our recollection, like brave, impulsive, generous souls. They whipped out their swords at an insinuation against virtue; they broke their crust in two for a comrade, and, like Mercutio, said, with a smile, when they had made their fight, "it is enough."

Claude Duval got nearer the head of universal goodfellowship than ever did Hamlet—that querulous, questioning, princely prig, who went about in sables exhibiting his pang and shaking his intellectual fist in the face of Heaven.

I think the human animal that has sympathies would rather loaf through the life of Eneas, or jump into the arena with Telemachus, or take a header from the Castle d'If with the Count of Monte Cristo, or stray with the vagabond Rip Van Winkle through the ghost-haunted Catskills, than listen to the mooning of Hamlet. I never found an honest, big-hearted, intelligent woman that did not acknowledge that "Jane Eyre" was a greater story than "Middlemarch," or a warm-hearted, clear-eyed man that would not rather read "Vanity Fair" than "Daniel Deronda."

The fact is the theatre always has been, and ought to be yet, the refuge of those people who believe in romanticism, who do not forget Walter Scott and "The Arabian Nights." It ought to preserve for us something of that precious thrill that ran through our wondering little bodies when we stood open-eyed round the knees of the dear woman and listened to the glories of the Enchanted Castle and the Sleeping Beauty.

What would you not give, oh blast soul, could you but restore the old zest with which you read "Robinson Crusoe" and "Aladdin"? Just think a moment of the fairy world at your beck before you knew too much. Why, the theatre was enchanted ground. Its old foot-lights were alabaster lamps. Its stock actress was always Titania to you, and the bald-headed conductor of the orchestra, with his flourishing fiddle-bow, was Prospero himself with a magic wand.

Those were days of romanticism. There has never been any girl since who was so beautiful as the middle-aged lady of the stock company, because there you didn't know anything about the middle aged lady. She was only a part of "Cherry and Fair Star" or the lorn princess who appealed to your heart.

It wasn't any part of the business of the old romantic theatre to take you behind and show you with devilish facts that your dream was stuffed with sawdust; that your princess has crowsfeet under her paint and drank gin and said "damn it." It wasn't the trick of the old romantic play-house, before it got to be called an Academy of Music, to put up a pleasant and goodly illusion with one hand and exhibit all its dirt and wires and hollowness with the other.

Well? Honestly now, old fellow, wouldn't you willingly give up all your Mephistophe-

lean knowledge of the sawdust for one hour of the glamour, the green-room, the *coullisse*, the analytical acumen and the bright hollowness of the princess at a late supper for one hour of the old witchery, of illusion? Wouldn't you bury with alacrity in her own blanc-mange the cynical, doubting, witty woman who shines with her tongue and glistens with her fingers till she tires you, and who knows it all from a lizard, for one hour with that Gretchen whose calico dress was to you like the kirtle of Selene, moon-woven with a hare; whose dear little innocent heart believed with you that black-eyed Susan was worth crying over? Would you not this minute forswear terrapin and Latour Blanch forever for the ambrosia of those moments when peanuts and peppermint were turned to manna under the strains of Auber and Donizetti in the mystic light that never was on land or sea?

Come now, you wretched Penderennis; own

As poor as a partridge in a desert, but as proud as a monarch on a march. Ready to love one woman or three, he will never deceive any. Loyal to one cause, he is always tempted to anywhere the best fighting is. Witty up to the last word with king or companion, he is ready to melt at the first touch of distress. He makes his entrance through a fight with sticks; he faces the king's guard and climbs into my lady's chamber window—this in itself stamps it with the good old brand. Picturesque in his red coat, a gentleman all through, he combines all the elements of dashing romanticism.

How Lester Wallack would have played him ten, fifteen, twenty years ago! And, by the way, why didn't he play him? He intended to at one time. Was there too much Lady Clancarty to suit his Lordship?

Charles Coghlan plays him admirably—leaning a little perhaps to the gentlemanly rather

"But you have not said anything about Lady Clancarty," methinks I hear you say, gentle reader.

Well, methinks I am not going to. I wouldn't be any more gentle than you are if I did.

I missed her white dress in Pauline. I thought that I would willingly put up with Coghlan's Claude to have her back in the Widow Melnotte's cottage. I thought of her in her grand passive poses; of her Greek foot and her Melos arm, and I wondered why Lady Clancarty "took on so." It seemed to me that the distress of the third act was not led up to. I didn't quite feel that hysterics became the Greek goddess, and when she threw herself on her knees and clutched at the door and made ejaculations, I said the liqueur came in before we had had the fish.

I wanted to go away somewhere and write a play for Langtry, with wet crash on my marble brow and sal volatile at my dilated nos-

in dress-coats linger about the table. Pixley stays in her high chair because nobody has taken her down. Estelle Clayton hovered round the Lyceum for rehearsals and then threw up her pretty head at Belasco and went away. Robe isn't engaged for next season—rumor has it. She is getting a trousseau ready. And I have just seen a charming play which Estelle Clayton will star in next year.

Steele Mackaye was up there to see Clancarty, and I got ten minutes' talk with him while we waited. It seems that the Buffalo scheme to which I alluded last week is really a testimonial affair. Nearly two thousand solid men of Buffalo—of which city Mr. Mackaye is a native—have put their names to a request that he will allow "Anarchy" to be done there for a week in the latter part of May.

I regret that THE MIRROR's Buffalo representative alluded to this event as "trying Anarchy on a dog." It is hardly that, Mr. Sanger, who is Mr. Mackaye's manager, and who is to be the manager of the new theatre on upper Broadway, is quite anxious to open the new house with the play, and Mr. Wallack has made proposals for it that are singularly liberal. But Mr. Mackaye, who has written more plays and owns less than any clever man I know, appears determined to hold on to this one and produce it himself. I have already committed myself to the work as decidedly as a man can from hearing it read, and so, indeed, has THE MIRROR editorially. The Buffalo project appears to be a social and artistic endeavor to give recognition to the many good intentions with which Mr. Mackaye has paved the United States. It's a gracious and pretty thing for a city to do, and I do not recall another dramatic workman in this country who has had such an invitation.

At all events I am sure every well wisher of the drama will hope the [best thing] for this play, simply because it is a high and noble attempt, and they are few just at this moment.

As for the Clayton disappearance, it was her own affair. I suppose she imbibed the popular notion of Belasco. At fall events she withdrew voluntarily, much to Mr. Frohman's regret, and Belle Archer was sent for at the last moment.

Its noticeable how little stir the revolution at Wallack's has made. It really hasn't made any more of a ripple than would a change of government in Mexico. Wallack and Moss retire as easily as if they were not landmarks. One has a notion that this moss-covered oak under whose branches the whole town has disported for half a century would come down with a crash of regrets, reminiscences, tears and everything of that sort. But Henry Abbey picks it up and sets it aside very much as one puts an old broom in the corner.

NYM CRINKLE.

P. S.—My Dear Fiske: I've outgrown being complimented. But once, in a while I am touched by a direct tribute. [The Herald did not copy the article I wrote for you], about its editor.

It must have been well written indeed.

N. C.

Orthoepey.

Been. The custom, it would seem, very generally prevails in England of pronouncing this word in absolute accordance with its orthography, yet the highest English authorities, Walker and Smart, for example, would have it pronounced as it is universally pronounced by Americans, *bin*.

Here. The pronunciation of this word, *wur* or *wur*, that is very common in this country is not sanctioned by any dictionary authority. The first *e* has, properly, the sound of *e* in *verge* and of *i* in *mirch*, which is a sound that differs materially from the sound of *u* in *surge*, a sound that is often very improperly given to this *e*, which appears in a long list of words. The English often pronounce the word as though it were written *warr*, giving to the *a* the sound of *a* in *care*. This pronunciation is as far from being unauthorized as is our *wur*.

Lieutenant. The first syllable of this word may be pronounced *lu*, *lef* or *lew*. There is good authority for either one. The first pronunciation is most common in this country, and I think it is to be preferred, because it comes nearest to what the orthography demands. Thus much in response to "A Subscriber."

Dissemble. Mr. Leslie Allen has no authority for putting the sound of *s* in this word once, much less twice.

My. In the sentence ending with the words "unlike my Beverly," Mrs. Barrymore should not slur the *my*, but should give the *y* its long sound. In cases like this, the slurring of the *my* robs the words of much of their import.

ALFRED AYRES.



up. There has never been any Fotheringay since, has there?

The theatre was an illusion then.

Well, that's what it ought to be yet. That's its most precious quality. The light that never was on land or sea ought to be kept burning there forever in a sacred cruse, like those lamps in the old grottoes of the Rosicrucians.

Let me see—where am I? Oh, yes—Clancarty. There's a romantic lamp burning in it. Donough McCarthy, the Earl of Clancarty, is the hero of old-fashioned romance. You'll like him. You can't help it. He isn't drawn out of the present. He comes up from the near past, mellowed and tinted. He is an excellent type of a race that presents the best and the worst on every page of its history, hip and thigh. A free, brave sketch of an Irishman who will love, fight, drink and die at a moment's notice, but cannot be cajoled or coerced to do a dastardly thing.

than to the vagabond side, and breaking up the dash and spontaneity of the Irish character with that inevitable jerky deliberation of his.

It is so much better than his Claude Melnotte, at which I laughed till I shook my rubv collar-button (that the Bergard of Ockwund gave me for translating the Bunch of Keys into Singalese) out on the floor, and which, by the way, that d—d usher who wore it in his neck said he didn't know nothing about—I say it was so much better than his Claude that I came to the conclusion Mr. Coghlan must have moods and conditions, like other men, and sometimes took too much wine for dinner.

To be erudite, Claude should be played with a *sic* not with a *sec*.

(As this joke is intended for Mr. Coghlan's private use, others who do not understand it can receive explanations by mail by applying at this office.)

trills. I wanted to see her in a play that fitted her like that white dress. Not that I am a good milliner, but that I could tell when she isn't well fitted.

But she's a brave and good girl, and every woman in the parquet disagreed with me, just as all the fellows in the other cities who have written about Clancarty have disagreed with me. Everybody says it's the best thing she ever did, and everybody will go and see it again—and so will I.

The truth is, the drama in New York just now is like the dinner when the wine and the cigars come on and the ladies have gone up stairs. Lady Clancarty ought to be the Earl of Clancarty. The Jilt ought to be called The Old Beau. The Old Homestead maunders delightfully about Joshua Whitcomb. Dauvray is gathering her skirts about her. Janauschek and Bowers left the table some time ago. Erminie reminds you that the servants

At the Theatres.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—LADY CLANCARTY.

Donough McCarthy..... Charles Coghlan
King William III..... Frederick A. Everill
The Earl of Portland..... H. Rich
Lord Woodstock..... Joseph Carns
Sir George Barclay..... Kenneth Lee
Lord Spencer..... H. A. Weaver
Cardell..... S. J. Browne
Lady Betty Noel..... Kate Pattison
Susanah..... Miss Calvert
Lady Clancarty..... Mrs. Langtry

Tom Taylor's Clancarty is not unfamiliar to our playgoers. Ada Cavendish presented it in this city a number of years ago, and within recent seasons it has been acted sporadically. Mrs. Langtry revived it on Monday evening at the Fifth Avenue in a very complete and handsome manner, and—in despite of the rain—before a large and notable audience.

It may be supposed that in changing the gender of the title Mrs. Langtry thought to transfer some of the weight of interest from Lord to Lady Clancarty. If so it was a mistake, for, after witnessing the performance, the fact remained that, although rechristened after Donough McCarthy's sweet wife, the most conspicuous character in the play is brave Donough McCarthy himself.

The piece is laid in a period of chivalry, intrigue and treachery, at the time of the plot to assassinate King William III. in 1696. Historical facts are skillfully blended with dramatic situations, the dialogue is clever, and the result is a symmetrical, interesting drama of the romantic school. In the hero are combined bravery, honesty, patriotism, devotion, gallantry—all the qualities, in short, that the chroniclers and commentators of another generation loved so well to exalt. In the heroine there is loveliness of character of a higher type than forms the standard among contemporary dramatic writers. Amid plot and counterplot, traitorous subterfuge and cunning statecraft, the smooth, pure current of a chivalrous nature cheered by wisely solicitude moves on serenely.

The Irish Earl, Clancarty, is a type that does one good to see upon the boards in these days of Surrey sentiment and cheap English melodramatic puppets. The gallant, courageous, witty soldier with his heart-stirring heroism and abnegation of self quickens the pulse and makes one wish that the dictates of fashion had not pushed such elevating and healthy figures from the modern stage, and that dramatists had not lost the art of drawing them.

There was every evidence at hand on Monday evening that the spectators found Clancarty absorbing and enjoyable. There were a number of curtain calls, and the excellent acting of the principals, allied with the artistic staging, gave rise to general admiration.

Mrs. Langtry's Lady Clancarty was an agreeable surprise to those that doubted her ability to do emotional work. She has grown rather stout and her hair, cut short, is not particularly becoming; nevertheless it goes almost without saying that the Lily was fair to look upon and that she wore a number of beautiful gowns. In the bedchamber scene she warmed to her task, threw off the somewhat constrained and amateurish air that previously had marred her efforts, and rose to a really effective plane. Her despair after the arrest of her husband, her hysteric prayers to Lord Spencer to be allowed to accompany him to prison, culminating in complete abandonment to grief, were excellent, if perhaps portrayed in stronger colors than the author intended. The scene of intercession with the King was also finely acted.

But the first honors of the night were unquestionably borne off by Charles Coghlan whose Clancarty was by long odds the best personation he has of late years given the public of this city. There was a well-bred ease, a charming good-humor in the lighter scenes that was winsome in the extreme, while in the more serious business of the part the actor's intensity was indubitable and penetrating. We have seen Mr. Coghlan in all his appearances here, but we have never seen him in such entire sympathy with a role than on the present occasion.

Mr. Everill's King was a well considered piece of acting, embodying in manner, speech—and to some extent in looks—the historical idea of that monarch. Mr. Rich made the Earl of Portland look like a galvanized mummy on which there had been a post-mortem growth of hair. Mr. Carns's Woodstock was graceful and intelligent. The Spencer of Mr. Weaver was as hard and relentless as necessity demanded. Mr. Weaver's name is always contributive to the strength of any cast.

Miss Pattison played the bold and bouncing Lady Betty Noel delightfully.

The scenery and appointments were accurate and adequate.

UNION SQUARE—THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

Ruth Homewebb..... Anne Pixley
Isiah Jubal Homewebb..... M. C. Daly
Charley Lawton..... George Backus
Irving de Vere Chillington..... W. G. Reynier
Signor Malatesta Tomkins..... Ed. Temple
Squire Hiram Slimbergast..... Robert Fisher
Mrs. Rachel Homewebb..... Miss A. Douglas
Mrs. Dashington Brown..... Miss A. Barclay
Mary O'Dougherty..... Irene Avena

Rain did not apparently interfere with the attendance at the Union Square Theatre on Monday night. The house was well filled, and a strong contingent of first-nighters was sprinkled through. Anne Pixley had come to town to try her new play, The Deacon's Daughter, on the Metropolis. The large audience was very friendly toward the Deacon and his Offspring, especially the latter, who was given an enthusiastic greeting. The play is principally Pixley, as no doubt was the author's

intention from the moment he put his pen to it. In only one act is there a suggestion of anything Miss Pixley has hitherto presented in New York. Then, in a farm-house scene, M'iss cropped up a little. The Deacon's Daughter has been successfully launched, and will probably float on the waters dramatic for a long time. It is one of A. C. Gunter's productions, and here is a synopsis of its story, which is not very deep:

Ruth Homewebb's parents live in a New England village. Their straitened circumstances send their daughter abroad to seek a living. She comes to New York and goes into domestic service as a nursemaid—something very rare for Yankee girls to do. Becoming stage-struck, Ruth finds, under the name of Mabel Hawthorne, fame, flattery and fortune as an actress. She is living in handsome apartments—a fair Bohemian—surrounded by admirers, with one of whom, Charley Lawton, she falls in love. While arrayed in full evening dress, Ruth receives word that her father is at the door, waiting to see his "darter." The old man believes her to be at service in some grand house. To hoodwink him she changes costumes with an Irish maid-servant. The trick is successful until the old man discovers that his daughter is hand-maid to an actress. In his wrath he compels her to return home with him. In the next act, a farmyard scene, Ruth is found installed at a washub and shorn of her good clothes. Squire Slimbergast, an uncouth fellow, makes love to her and is repulsed. On occasional visits to New York the Squire has seen the girl on the stage, and he recognizes Mabel Hawthorne in Ruth Homewebb. He threatens to expose her unless she favors his suit. On her further refusal he carries out his threat. The girl makes indignant denial with such effect that the Deacon wallows the Squire and drives him off. In revenge, the Squire, to whom the Deacon owes money, levies on the household gods of the Homewebbs—evicts the old couple. The scene changes to New York once more. By easy stages the Homewebbs discover their daughter to be an actress, but they are reconciled to the fact, and forgiveness easily follows.

Miss Pixley was charming as Ruth. She acted with much spirit, but, in the opinion of many old admirers did her best work in the garb of the country girl. She wore some magnificent costumes in the other acts, and looked especially bewitching in the dress of a page in the photograph gallery—third act. She sang a number of songs, some old, some new, including "The Wash Tub" and a familiar drinking song. In all her vocal efforts she was rapturously applauded. In a word, Miss Pixley had the house with her from her first entrance, and its interest never lagged. There were recalls and flower-pieces too numerous to particularize. Miss Pixley's favorite "old man" and stage manager, M. C. Daly, as Deacon Isiah Jubal Homewebb, absorbed nearly all the rest of the "fat" in the piece. The part of a country deacon come to town is a familiar stage picture, and Mr. Daly did not depart much from convention; still, he created a great deal of merriment. His consternation and horror on being confronted by a lady in full evening dress was amusing. George Backus had little opportunity to be anything but graceful in the part of Charley Lawton, the lover. Just what sort of character W. G. Reynier was trying to interpret in Irving de Vere Chillington was difficult to understand. Chillington was intended to be a blasé man-about-town, dabbler in amateur theatricals, etc.; but Mr. Reynier did not appear to comprehend him, being too loud in voice and manner. Ed. Temple may not be responsible for Signor Malatesta Tomkins, photographer—a character that had little to do with the play. He was made up as a Majilton, and indulged in the most extravagant actions. He was grotesque, but not in the least bit funny. Robert Fisher was unaccountable enough as Square Slimbergast, and managed to make the part tolerably amusing. Miss Barclay did well as Mrs. Dashington Brown, a "society conundrum," who shocked the Deacon in décolleté dress. Mrs. Homewebb was satisfactorily played by Miss Douglas. Irene Avena was excellent as Mary O'Dougherty, the maid. Her entrance as the mock Miss Hawthorne was convulsively funny, and her "awkward business" with the dress train kept the audience in roars. Singular to say, there was no call for the author.

The Main Line found a station at the People's Theatre on Monday night, and in spite of rain a goodly audience was in attendance, and was highly satisfied despite inter-State complications. Lively and bright little Etta Hawkins carried through the part of Popsy Burroughs, the telegraph operator, with a great deal of skill, and was much applauded. She is the central figure of the play. Dora Stuart played the amusing part of Little Prairie Flower with "unctuous embonpoint and wit." She made a capital stage house-keeper, and the audience rewarded her with plentiful laughter, especially in the love scene with Zerubabel Puddychump. This same Puddychump was fairly acted by Harry Allen. The author, H. C. De Mille, interpreted the leading villain, Jim Blakeley, in a stogy and unnatural way. F. B. Conway acted Colonel Jack Hutton solidly, and James Neill was a good walking gentleman as Lawrence Hutton. J. W. Hague gave an interesting but somewhat highly colored rendition of the mental agony of the station-master.

The realistic stage effects of moving trains, engines and so forth pleased the audience immensely, and so did Philip Goucher's beautiful scene of a mountain valley in Colorado.

Charles A. Gardner and his Karl the Peddler company opened the Spring and Summer season at Tony Pastor's Theatre on Monday night. The house was not large, but it was very demonstrative in approval of Karl in his balking the machinations of villainy. Mr. Gardner sings very sweetly. His voice, if not thoroughly cultivated, is at least natural in its tenor quality, with nothing forced. Emily Kean, though quite ill and under the doctor's care, was bright and vivacious in the soubrette role of Mary, maid-of-all-work. Aside from being a clever soubrette, Miss Kean is an excellent singer, and her topical song, "Never More," won many encores. Robert V. Ferguson was absurdly funny as Tibbs, the lawyer. He ought to be on the burlesque stage, for he is not a legitimate comedian. David R. Young's Peter Stein was by far the best acting in the male support. In fact he is an excellent actor, and evinced much discretion and tact in a rather forbidding role. Thomas Fitzgerald amused the audience by his execrably bad reading of the pathetic lines of William Stein. Dan Williams was at home as Owen O'Donnell, an Irishman in service. Robert McNair was excellent as Pedro Gaudi, a villainous Gypsy not irredeemably bad. Marion May, Eva Byron and Little Pettie Dunn filled the other roles acceptably.

The Grand Opera House was literally packed on Monday night with an audience in which masculinity preponderated. George Thorne on this occasion essayed the part of the notary LeBlanc. He was nervous, but in spite of this and the Ko-Ko-osity ever noticeable in his work, he proved acceptable to the spectators, who received his funniness hilariously. Vernona Jarbeau made a pleasing Evangeline, while Annie Somerville was a graceful Gabriel. The rest of the cast was in most respects the same as of old. The burlesque's antiquity does not affect its popularity. So long as pretty faces and shapely legs are procurable it can be satisfactorily presented. Next week Mr. Jefferson will be seen in Rip Van Winkle.

A week's revival of Little Jack Sheppard began at the Bijou on Monday night. Several changes in the music and cast have been made, the former being bright and sparkling and the latter considerably strengthened. Nat Goodwin, as Jonathan Wild, was as grotesque and funny as ever, and his songs and acrobatic antics called forth liberal applause. Lillie Grubb, who played the part of Winifred Wood, looked as pretty as a picture and evidently won the hearts of the audience from the moment she appeared. Stuart Harold, as Thames Darrell, sang one or two songs acceptably, and the famous Clipper Quartette helped to add to the merriment of the piece, which throughout was well received by the large audience. Little Jack Sheppard will be kept on until Saturday night only, as next week Adonis Dixey will appear at this theatre.

Her Atonement was presented at the Third Avenue Theatre before a crowded house on Monday night. Edith Clayton gave a satisfactory impersonation of the leading role, Martha West. Nellie Sanford was effective as Mrs. Morton. Jean Delmar, as a New York newsboy, scored a distinct success. Miss Delmer's fine singing captivated the audience, her rendering of Ardit's Palma waltz song receiving several encores, while floral testimonials were passed to her. Frank Karrington as James Morton, W. H. Hamilton as Charles Le Roy, and A. H. Hastings as Colonel Swift were excellent and were frequently applauded. M. J. Gallagher, as Officer Patrick Mulligan, was very amusing. Next week, Michael Strogoff.

The Kerry Gow was presented at the Windsor Theatre on Monday evening before a large audience. Joseph Murphy and his clever company, including Belle Melville, gave a fine all-round performance, evoking unstinted applause and laughter, and execrations on villainy as well. Next week, Mme. Janaschek in Meg Merrilies.

The present week concludes Mr. Dockstadter's first season of minstrelsy in this city. To give a specially agreeable recollection to the final performances one of the best bills yet is presented. The pretty little theatre, with its refined and luxurious appointments, and its clever performance, has grown steadily and honestly into the esteem of the best class of amusement-seekers. Success has attended a venture that was dubiously regarded by many, and Mr. Dockstadter, at the conclusion of his first year's endeavor, has the proud satisfaction of viewing modern minstrelsy in the Metropolis as an established and permanent fact.

Old Heads and Young Hearts is doing very nicely at Wallack's, for John Gilbert's Jesse Rural is one of the delights of the town, and the revival, generally speaking, is adequate and satisfactory.

Boucicault brought out his Jilt on Saturday night, Fin MacCool, the new-old—"original" war drama not meeting with popular acceptance. The star's performance of the sporting Irish Squire is amusing and clever, and Misses

Therodys and Bancroft, besides illuminating the stage with their beauty, give agreeable and intelligent personations. On Monday next Mr. Dockstadter will bring on The Shagreen again.

The Black Crook finishes a prosperous engagement at Niblo's on Saturday. Next week Lawrence Barrett will present his showy production of Rensai for the first time in New York.

The Old Homestead's extending popularity at the Fourteenth Street Theatre continues, and Mr. Thompson as honest Uncle Josh nightly faces large and fashionable audiences. It is a good sign, by the way, that swiftdom finds diversion in this pure and healthy exposition of simple country life, for it shows that the belles and beaux of the town are not dead to the appeals of homely truth and native humor. The play will be given until June 4.

Among the several seasons that close this week none is more likely to leave a gap than Harrigan's. Cordella and her Aspirations fetch a period of successful effort to a prosperous termination. Mr. Harrigan has given us a good deal to laugh at and much to admire, while his confidant in the realm of melody has set our feet to moving again and again with his delightful compositions. The capital company has shown us work commensurate with the artistic standard of past years, and we take leave of them for the Summer term regretfully. Corried's Gypsy Baron company appears at the Park next week.

Jim the Penman departs from the Madison Square on Saturday night. All through the varying Fall, Winter and Spring the public has been loyal to this remarkably successful play, crowding the theatre and applauding the actors unremittently. Our Society, Clinton Stuart's adaptation from the French, will be played once more next Monday and for several weeks thereafter. For it two or three players have been especially secured to piece out the portion of the cast not filled by Madison Square people not otherwise engaged.

On Tuesday of the coming week the Lyceum stage will be occupied by The Highest Bidder, a farce-comedy by John Maddison Morton and the late E. A. Sothorn. Young Mr. Sothorn will fill the role designed for, but never acted by, his father. There have been a number of clever people engaged for the cast. On Saturday night of this week Miss Dauvray closes her extended engagement with The Love Chase, which will on this occasion be given for the benefit of the Gettysburg Monument Fund.

A Trip to Africa has actually scored at the Standard, and for the first time this season that house is filled nightly. The operette is charmingly sung, acted and staged.

Erminie, the phenomenal, is still assembling multitudes at the Casino, and the prospects for the Marquis seeing the footlights before midsummer are decidedly slim.

The Musical Mirror.

Italian music has not yet palled on the popular taste, if one may judge by the audience at the third operatic Casino concert on Monday night. Parquette and gallery were packed to suffocation. Late comers, both men and women, stood in rows three or four deep at the rear of the seats, and pretty women, in bright toilettes, peeped through the wire cage in the gallery and inhaled cigarette smoke and musical ecstasy in equal parts.

The programme in its general features was but a repetition of the two former ones. Signor Del Puente and M. Guille sent excuses; but as their places were filled by Scalchi and Galassi, no one, except perhaps a few fanatical Tore-adorers, was at all disgruntled. Most of the old favorite *morceaux* got re sung along with new ones. Vicini was faulty, as usual, in an air from the *Elisir*, and Abramoff unusually smooth and dignified in the fine Venetian from Ernani. Novara, as an encore, again depicted his innocent and jubilant state of mind "when he's drinking—drinking—drinking!" It was a superfluous cruelty to drinking souls in the gallery, who were quenching their ardor and mentally *toasting* the Mayor in those maddening fluids, apollinaris and ginger-ale.

Mme Scalchi gave the page's song, "No! No! No!" from The Huguenots very daintily, and sang the Brindisi from *Lucresia* superbly. Her *Barcarole*, in reply to an encore, was taken in such rapid tempo as to suggest that the presumable Neapolitan fisherman who sang it was—what no Neapolitan fisherman ever was, since Parthenope first arose—in a hurry. And finally, Mlle. Valerga, at the end of the evening, sang, very brightly, a charming waltz by R. Sapio, "Won't you come again to press me to your heart?" whereupon from all the white-cravated young men in the corridors rose a gentle murmur in a tone of heart-felt conviction, "We will! we will!"

Mr. Byron at Home.

"I've come in, but not through terror at the Inter-State law," said Oliver Byron, who dropped in on Wednesday to pay his respects to THE MIRROR. "My regular season—thirty weeks—closed in Chicago on Sunday night. The company, minus myself, is playing a farewell week in Grand Rapids, Mich. This has been my best season in twelve years, and I have now entered on a six months' rest. The

Inside Truck has proved a great success, and for next season managers ask for but little else in my repertoire. The play has been much improved since its first production in New York. Well, I'm always a bidder for new plays to add to the list. The first author I consulted me just before I ascended the stairs. I suppose I will be pelted with a cartload of manuscripts between now and next October, when I begin playing again. Well, I will wade through most of them in the hope of finding something to suit me."

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THE LOVE CHASE.

Friday last night of the season. Farewell next Saturday matinee.

Saturday, special performance of The Love Chase tendered by Miss Dauvray to the Ninth Regiment Gettysburg Monumental Fund.

Tuesday May 3—THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

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Regular Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

HER ATONEMENT.

Next week—MICHAEL STROGOFF.

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The Giddy Gusher.



"To be popular just now, the first requisite of a novel is a risky situation," said a book publisher to me the other day. "The author who can skate over the thinnest ice is the chap who will go through the most editions."

(I believe I'll write a novel myself.)

To me it's always as good as a play to see people select books. Most all middle-aged folks turn to the end of a story to see if it finishes well.

You just write a tale and tell it with some such sentence as: "So our lovely heroine, Maria, expired as the fickle but repentant William Henry put his long-unused night-key in the lock." You will never sell a copy of that book to a person over fifteen years of age.

The young who do not know that sympathy with fictitious griefs will furrow their baby brows may tackle it; for the young do not know that the tears of sensibility have power to dim the eyes as well as those wrung from their source by grief. They like to cry. But as folks go on in years they look for distraction from the sorrows of life in books and the playhouse.

"I did enjoy seeing Lucille Western in East Lynne so much!" said a lady to me. "But I can't bear to see Morris in Miss Merton."

"And yet," said I, "the later actress and the later version of that tearful story are by far the best. I guess you don't like to cry as well as you did."

And she acknowledged it. She couldn't bear Hoodman Blind because she cried over it so that she had a fright for a day or so.

When Kate Bateman years ago played a piece called Mary Warner at Booth's Theatre, a man who kept a restaurant on the block said he couldn't understand why, "with Rigold and Adelaide Neilson, his tables were crowded after the show; but with Bateman and the enormous business she did he wouldn't catch a dozen parties, and hardly any ladies among those."

Because Madame et Mademoiselle knew their cheeks were streaked, their noses red, their eyelids swollen and all the "make up" taken clean off. If they had been as hungry as hunters they would never have shown up their condition in a well-lighted restaurant. The place to put up your eating-house is in the vicinity of a comedy theatre.

A book to be popular now must have very suggestive situations, like those in "Jess" and "Dawn," or unnatural horrors, like that ghastly "She!" If "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Ida May" were out to-day, new, they would never catch on as they did twenty-five or thirty years ago. The public taste has changed. Whole towns were in tears simultaneously over those lovely books in those days. But I had an advanced literary appetite—none of that mush for me. "The Mysteries of Udolpho" and "Peregrine Pickle" suited me very well up to my seventh year. They were in grandpa's library, and grandpa was a very clear-headed old man. The Rev. Mr. Roe in those days wrote a book called "I've Been Thinking," which was very popular and all-ways found in Sunday-School libraries. My grandmother bought it and gave it to me. Of course I read it—I read everything. Grandpa picked it up, and I advised him to read it. We used to have a little game together. If we went anywhere, read or saw anything, we would each write an opinion of the entertainment and then read it to each other.

I wrote, in my big childish hand: "I've Been Thinking there are three big fools in the world—the man that wrote that book, the woman who bought it, and I me who read it." Grandpa wrote, in his shaky, time-worn fist: "D—d trash all the way through." So you see the old man and I thought very much alike those many years ago.

I think the newspaper references to Selina Dolaro the past week are in extremely bad taste, to say the least. One touching paragraph makes her out hanging round the outer doors of the Metropolitan Opera House to catch the echoes of Patti's applauding audiences. Now, if she's so ill as to point the moral and adorn that tale, she's not running round much nights in the draughts of opera lobbies. Certainly, if she had any interest in hearing Patti, Henry Abbey would see that Madame Dolaro had a comfortable seat; and, furthermore, I can't imagine she is the sort of woman to miserably compare her past with another's present triumphs and to hungrily listen to the applause bestowed on Patti—thinking of her own successes. She's too much of a philosopher. Her triumphs lie, as all women's must one day, in the past. She is

very ill—facing the grave in fact—but the whole grand procession of us is headed the same way. The very scribe who sharpens his pencil and goes to moralizing over her past health and beauty and her present weakness and danger, may turn up his toes in advance of her.

Time brings nothing but decay to us, and I think it the happier fate to drop off the bough with one fatal touch of the blight, than linger to come squashing down an unsightly mass of corruption. The good, plain, commonplace woman who has had in her youth neither beauty nor ability, who has passed through girlhood and middle-age without excitement or success, may enjoy all the discomforts and miseries of old age; but for the women such as Adelaide Neilson and Selina Dolaro—it seems to me they should fittingly sweep down the breeze like brilliant Autumn leaves—passing from view in all the splendor of crimson and gold, rather than survive the blasts of Winter, to be pushed off in their brown and withered state by the pesky little buds of Spring.

I think there's a great mistake about this business of Death. You take twelve dead and twelve living faces, and study their expressions. You will find anxiety, sorrow, discontent and pain stamped, in more or less distinct lines, on the living faces. You will find the seal of settled peace and a knowing look, if not almost a smile, on every one of those marble masks. I always turn from the contemplation of the dead with a firmer conviction that that is by no means the worst that ever happened to 'em. And it's a blessed poor result of the Christian religion that everybody is so afraid to die, and that when death is threatened to any one the moralists must begin to draw hair-standing comparisons between the past glory of the victim and impending destruction.

Dolaro is abundantly able to settle her ante-mortem biographers; but as I think of her in her supple, Oriental shape of beauty, with the glory, intense (I won't steal Nym Crinkle's word—sensual) spirit of health pervading her sweet face, I feel vexed that paragraphers should use her for a text to preach from.

I've got a dose of malaria this Spring, off the Harlem River, that qualifies me to make a few mortuary remarks. When I strike the down grade I won't have people coming up to me with long faces and remedies that have brought some friend from the grave. I want 'em to speak in a light, congratulatory manner, and say: "Well, you won't be troubled long with this infernal climate," or, "Bless me! how near the end you look; but you always were in luck."

Steele Mackaye fairly lighted up yesterday morning when he said, "What a magnificent corpse you'll make!" By George! there's a good many of 'em won't make that.

I have the pleasure to announce that New York will shortly be treated to something new in journalism. I haven't been so much amused since I called on Crowley as I was in a Hudson River car the other morning.

Two youthful members of that race who wear the biggest noses and diamonds that darken and lighten this wicked world, were deep in a literary conversation when I dropped in on 'em. They were Moses and Aaron at home no doubt, but they addressed each other as Frank and John in public. John is evidently connected with some village journal. If there is a hamlet called Ludlow on the Hudson line, then John is editor of the *Ludlow Lightning Bug*.

"You don't show much fervor in the matter," says Frank.

"I've gone fervor in it than you."

"Oh, good! That's pretty good—print it," advises Frank.

"I've got a good one—I'll give it to you—about turning off the *Faucet* in Boston."

"I did that as well as *Spiggot*—*Spiggatti*. I used that up very well. By the way, it's my birthday next 20th."

"Want to know—I was born on July the 4th."

"Then you are a 4th of *Juliar*."

"Good—that's pretty good—use that. An Independence day orator is a 4th of *Juliar*. Put it that way—that's very clever."

"Frank, do you think there's an opening in New York for a purely satirical journal—all satire except a story by some good man?"

"I do; but satire has to be written by some one very well known."

"Do you think the — pays?"

"Well, I don't know. They get off a pretty big edition. I suppose they sell 'em."

"I ain't so sure. Seligman is shrewd. He'd have a big edition to make it look profitable."

"So he would. *Life* could be made to pay if the proper amount of satire was put into it."

I got interested here, till I found *Life* was the paper with the funny pictures.

Just here the car-door swung open for the dozenth time, something being the matter with the lock.

"What's the difference between this car and a bull fight?" asks Frank.

"It's got a cow-catcher," gropes John.

"No; one's got a *horrid door* and the other has a *torreador*."

"Good—that's good—work that up. There's a *mat at door* also. That's first-class. Print that this week."

Here we came into the depot. "I tell

you," says John, "this talk has done me good. I've made up my mind; I'll give New York a paper—just the sort it needs—pure satire—every paragraph all satire. There's a dearth of it and a want for it. I'll meet that demand."

"So long, old fel—I'm glad you fell in with my train of thought. Hudson River train, eh? Not bad—work that up if you want to; I want to catch that car. Good-bye."

Dear Moses John! He's young and has much to learn, but his trust in Aaron Frank and Satire is beautiful. I hope he may get there, but he's a good way off just now, or I'm no GIDDY GUSHER.

The Elocution in The Love Chase.

On Thursday I went to the Lyceum to see *The Love Chase* again; less, however, for amusement than for study. Yet had I gone solely for amusement, I should have felt repaid for my time. The performance goes very much more smoothly than it did on the first night, and proves now so entertaining that it would not be surprising to see the piece have quite a run.

Nevertheless I do not think the performance could ever be a very satisfactory one with the present cast, and for the simple reason that the ladies and gentlemen employed in the representation have too limited a knowledge of the most important part of the player's art—the handling of the words. In their elocution, except in the case of at most two members of the cast, there is little to commend and much to condemn. In fact, the elocution of six of the eight principals is of the artificial, noisy, chanting, gasping, automatic kind that requires neither gumption nor study to acquire. As for there being any art in it, there isn't. The elocution of these six is the kind that simply memorizes the words and then reels them off, sometimes with more breath, sometimes with less, letting the thought, for the most part, take care of itself. As for pointing the thought so as to make it easy for the auditor to seize it, this style of elocution—if elocution it can be called—does not undertake to do it. Readers of this description rarely have any fixed ideas where they should pause, which words should be emphasized, or what the inflections should be. They cannot tell, a moment after reading a passage, how they have read it—i. e., which words they have emphasized, where they have paused, or what their inflections were. All, with them, is haphazard. They fire their breath at the first vowel-sounds they meet with without any regard whatever to the demands of the sense; hence, if the right words are emphasized, the pauses rightly placed, and the inflections rightly made, it is the result of mere chance; intelligence has had nothing to do with it.

It is too much to expect that anyone shall always be correct with his emphases, pauses and inflections; but the intelligent, pains-taking reader should not, and need not, often go wrong. Here, for example, is a sentence the correct reading of which one might be excused for not seeing at the first glance:

You sportsmen never are to blame!

Miss Dauvray emphasizes *never* when she should emphasize *sportsmen*, touching *are* quite lightly. If Wildrake had said he was not to blame, then Miss Dauvray's reading would be correct; but he has not said so, hence Constance should read: "You sportsmen *never* are to blame!" Transpose *never* are thus: *Never* are you sportsmen to blame, and the correct reading becomes more apparent. Transpose words or clauses as much as you will, so long as you do not change the sense you do not change the emphasis. The thought will point out the emphatic words, be they in the sentence where they may.

Mr. Whiting is less excusable, when he reads:

Indeed, a heap or none, I'd wager on the heap.

The most emphatic word in the two lines is the last one. The thought is: If I were going to bet, I'd not bet on the *none*, but on the *heap*.

Oh, to love truth, and yet not dare to speak it—says Miss Stanhope, thereby falling signally to bring out the meaning of the line. He that reads in this way has not taken the trouble to get more than a superficial knowledge of the meaning of the words. The meaning in this instance clearly is: To love truth and not dare to speak truth.

Well he becomes his clothes!

Miss Dauvray's utterance of this exclamation falls far short of making its meaning plain. If she will imagine the sentence to begin with *how*, she will find the proper utterance easy.

The cause of causes, lady.

From Mr. Sothern's reading of this line, I take it he is one of the many that read, my heart of hearts, the man of men, great among the greatest, the mightiest in the mightiest. I respectfully suggest, my heart of hearts, the man of MEN, great among the GREATEST, mightiest in the MIGHTIEST, and cause of CAUSES.

Similar to look at, but very dissimilar in fact, is the line:

Love that is love bestoweth all it can—

which Miss Stanhope reads as I italicize it. If the sentence were, *The sort of love that is genuine love*, etc., would Miss Stanhope still emphasize the second *love*? Hardly, for then the second *love* might be dispensed with without affecting the thought in the least. We say, the man that is a man, meaning the sort

of man that is a man, that is indeed a man. Miss Stanhope should read, *love that is love*.

Then, in spite of them!

cries Mr. Rodney. "Then, in spite of them!" would be hardly less intelligent.

For more than life I love them.

Mr. Rodney again. Not *love* but *life* should clearly receive the stronger emphasis. Mr. Rodney is not at all happy in the rendering of the following lines. I will mark their proper reading as nearly as I can.

So my light love,

(Which but her person did at first affect)
Her soul has metamorphosed—made a thing
Of solid thoughts and wishes. I must have her!

The word *made* is the word Mr. Rodney comes down on with more force than on any other word in the four lines. It will be seen that *made* should be touched quite lightly, as should all the words not italicized, with the exception, perhaps, of *first*. What's it about? Is a question Mr. Rodney, in common with the other five, does not often take the trouble to ask himself.

Now comes he to declare himself, but wants
The courage [to declare himself].

If Miss Vernon will think a bit, she will not need to be told that *declare* and *courage*, not *comes* and *wants*, are the words to bring into the foreground.

Some women talk of such and such a style
Of features in a man. Give us good humor;
That lights the honest visage up with beauty;
And makes the face where beauty is already,
Quite irresistible.

Miss Vernon puts the strongest emphases on *women* and *lights*; not because she has any reason for doing so, but because haphazard chances to land them there.

If I have not set down against Mr. Whiting as many false readings as against some of his colleagues, it is not because he reads better than they, for in truth the utterance of no one of the six to me is less pleasing. Mr. Whiting has an intoning, non-committal, non-virile, slide-along, snapless style of utterance that alone is sufficient to stick him so fast in the slough that he is in that all Barnum's elephants couldn't pull him out of it. Until Mr. Whiting effects a radical change in his manner of delivery, progress in his art is impossible. Nor is the manner of delivery of any one of the other five much less faulty than is Mr. Whiting's. Instead of being natural and intelligent, they are all artificial and automatic. Being wound up, they unroll now in this tone, now in that; now with more voice, now with less. They seem to use the words to exercise their voice-making muscles on, rather than to convey the thoughts of the author with.

As for Miss Vernon, besides her other faults, she is twice too loud, save in the scene when she berates Sir William, the intended effect of which is ruined by the boisterousness that precedes it. "How soft she speaks, how very soft!" says Sir William of her; yet this (linguistic?) softness nowhere appears in Miss Vernon's personation of the Widow Green. Delicacy of touch is something Miss Vernon would seem to know nothing about. It is her habit to go thundering over the words, like a Conestoga waggon over a corduroy road. The more noise she makes, the more effective she seems to think she will be.

As for Mr. Wheatleigh's elocution, it is what I should characterize as the floundering sort. Certain it is that Mr. Wheatleigh, experienced an actor as he is, and good an actor as he is in some parts, has no definite and fixed idea of how he should speak the words of the part of Sir William Fondlove. Nothing less smoothed and less rounded than his Sir William can be conceived of.

Now why is it that Mr. Sothern so easily walks off with the honors of the presentation of *The Love Chase*? Is it because his pantomime is better? Because his voice is better? Because he has a handsomer face? A nobler figure? A more commanding bearing? Is more graceful in his action? No, it is none of these. It is because in Mr. Sothern's utterance there is more intelligence, more nature; because his mind seems to be wholly occupied with the thoughts the words convey; because he seems to really mean what he says; because he so speaks his lines as to make their meaning easy to seize. In a word, it is because he speaks like an intelligent, earnest human being—like a man! It is because his method is simple, direct, NATURAL.

In Miss Dauvray's method there is little less to commend than in Mr. Sothern's. Her shortcomings in Constance are owing less to a lack of dramatic instinct, and of naturalness, than to a lack of native fitness for the part. Parts like that of Constance, Peg Woffington and of Lady Gay are hardly within Miss Dauvray's range.

ALFRED AYRES.

Karl Gardner's New Play.

"This season I shall put in rehearsal a new comedy," said C. A. Gardner in a chat with a MIRROR reporter; "but I do not mean you to infer that I intend to shelve Karl the Peddler. That is an old stand-by, and on it I have built my reputation. The new play, which is not yet named, will appeal to the German element. I intend to introduce a genuine sangerferst on the stage. I am engaging an entirely new company for the two comedies—a stronger lot of comedians and specialty people than I have yet had in my support. I have already engaged W. E. Hines for comedian and Earle Remington for soubrette. They are among the cleverest in their line. I have twenty seven week stands already booked."

"When I close season at Elizabeth, N. J., on May 7, I believe the books will show that Karl the Peddler has cleared \$10,000 this season; and I confidently look for double this profit on the next. By the way, I intend to

have the Peddler entirely re-written, and present it with new scenery, new songs, new business, etc. In fact, everything in the Peddler's pack will be brand-new, and I believe the wares will be more in demand than ever."

Hoodman Blind's New Management.

"Having secured Frederic de Belleville and Viola Allen for the leading roles in Hoodman Blind, we are engaging in their support the best people we can find," said Frank H. Perley, of the firm of Perley and McFadden, who manage the drama next season. "Most managers say that Mr. De Belleville will make an admirable Jack Yeuett. He is a large man as I think the part calls—a sturdy young yeoman. To be in keeping, we are engaging tall men for the support. Miss Allen is easily the best leading woman for her age on the American boards. We have bought outright the original scenery used at Wallack's and the Grand Opera House. I am assured that it has never been used outside these theatres. As to other accessories, I would say that some of last season's printing will be used. We have contracted for new, unique and elaborate printing. The play will be seen in only the high class theatres, and there will be only one Hoodman Blind company on the road next season."

Professional Doings.

—Kate Castleton closes season at Pueblo, Col., on May 21.

—Gus Williams closed season in Danville, Pa., last Saturday.

—Heck's Opera House in Cincinnati closes its season May 1.

—The regular season at Havila's in Cincinnati closed April 24.

—The Cincinnati Elks will have a monster benefit at the Grand in that city May 1.

—Warren Ashley and Marie Heath have been re-engaged for Peck's Bad Boy for next season.

—J. B. Felt cancelled his Pennsylvania dates and closed season in Philadelphia last Saturday.

—Giles Shies and Lavinia Shannon are re-engaged for the Summer season with Mrs. Janssen.

—The Evans Costume Company furnished the dresses for Mrs. Langtry's production of *Lady Chatterbox*.

—The MacCollins Opera company's season at the Highland House, Cincinnati, will open about June 12.

—The proprietors of the Coney Island at the West enterprise are erecting a first-class hotel at that resort.

—Jessie Williams, late of Almer's company, who recently offered the title role in *Mam'zelle* by Jessie Kimball, has declined.

—Mrs. Neville and her son Augustus continue to do a good business in The Boy Tramp and will not close until midsummer.

—After June 4 Vernon Clarges, of Ross Coghlan's company, will be at liberty for a Summer engagement. Mr. Clarges is an industrious worker, and does not care to be out of harness.

—May Algen and R. C. Varian have replaced May Brooklyn and Henry Holland in the cast of *The Octoroon* at the Boston Theatre.

—Inter-State men: A minstrel troupe in a Western city were thoroughly humiliated by having their band drawn weighed by a station agent.

—The new Opera House at Portsmouth, O., will be christened by Liza Evans and company on May 22. The company will remain during the rest of the week, giving four performances.

—Frankie Kemble played a very successful engagement at the Ninth Street Theatre, Kansas City, last week. Sybil goes to St. Louis and Chicago weeks of May 1 and 2.

—Reno opens in Winnipeg April 9 for a week, and then plays over the Northern Pacific, opening in Boise City, Mont., May 23. She continues to do a fine business.

—James Owen O'Connor has received several letters of censure from ex-members of his company. Mr. O'Connor plays a three weeks' starring engagement in Kansas City shortly, supported by local talent.

—Next season James R. Garey, now of Henry Chaffran's company, will star in *The Octoroon*. He will be under the management of A. B. Anderson and play the popular-price circuits.

—Wheel Caracac, by George Hoey, will have a place in Henry Chaffran's repertoire next season. It is a five-act drama, with a Cornish story. It gives opportunity for elaborate scenic and mechanical effects. Mr. Chaffran's present fortnight's engagement in Boston is a flattering success.

—Mark Murphy, of the Irish Visitors company, is at Mr. Clemens, Mich., for his health. He is afflicted with old-only more so, he thinks. James Kelly is his substitute, and he, too, as foil to the vigor of Mr. Murphy, is having a painful time of it.

—Keller, the magician, starts on another tour of the world in July. He starts via Mexico, and will incidentally take in South Africa and Asia.

—Jessie Kimball wires from Detroit that her opera company opened to the largest paid audience ever assembled in the Detroit Opera House. There were 2,400 people within the walls, and hundreds were turned away.

—Edwin H. Frier, for some time a director of the Edwin Forrest Home, having been elected Mayor of Philadelphia, thereby became ex officio a member of the Board, and resigned his former membership. I. Fred Zimmerman, manager of the Chestnut Street Opera House, has been elected to fill the vacancy.

—There was a hitch in the transportation of the baggage of Alone in London from a Connecticut town last Sunday. The car lay at a by-station near Danbury, and the manager hired a locomotive to bring it on. Then the law interposed—no train can run in Connecticut except in the transportation of United States mails. The manager sat down and wrote four letters, slipped them into a mail-pouch, and the locomotive sped on its mission.

—William R. Barr, late business manager of James Owen O'Connor, looks upon the tragedian as a much-abused man. He flouts the aspersions of the members of his late company, and says that the dead weight of his vileness as actors broke down the organization. As for as he is concerned, Mr. Barr always found Mr. O'Connor to be faithful to his promise. To bring the company back to New York was a promise he never made. Mr. Barr is now business manager for the Noss Family, musicians.

—W. W. Kelly writes from London: "The fight goes bravely on, and the American colony are about as near the top as they can get. In Frou-Frou Grace Hawthorne has scored another success. Held by the Eusemy is pronounced by press and public to be the best and strongest play produced in London in years. Of course, this great American success is a theatre shortly to be managed by an American girl is a most excellent thing for Yankeland, and we shall do our best to preserve the position we have surely secured. Add to these successes Mary Anderson, Buffalo Bill and others, and you can see that we ought to have a Fourth-of-July Summer of it. There is a tinge of patriotism in Mr. Kelly's remarks."

An Actor's Wonderful Memory.

The late Edward Byron, the boy tragedian, was noted for his wonderful skill in memorizing plays, but few are aware how he came to acquire so remarkable a memory. Many have pronounced it the work of nature rather than of cultivation, and until now the true facts have never been made public. At the beginning of his professional career he found himself possessed of a very poor memory, which, if not strengthened, he knew would prove a detriment to his advancement. So he determined to remedy the defect. He visited an eminent physician of this city and explained his case. The Doctor, after examining him, recommended the use of Dr. Holbrook's book on "How to Strengthen the Memory," which gave him the key to his great success. It would be well for some of our present actors to follow Mr. Byron's example and expend our dollar for a copy of this remarkable work. It can be procured of Dr. Holbrook, 23 Light Street, New York—Cm.

[CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.]

The Usher.



Mend him who can! The ladies call him sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Nat Goodwin has paid over to his late wife's mother the \$8,000 legacy that was bequeathed to her. The residue of Mrs. Goodwin's estate belongs to the actor. It amounts to about \$25,000.

That pretty little periodical, the *Theatre*, has shed its first teeth. Dr. Sheffield, the gentleman who owned and controlled it (in addition to a patent process of dental crowning), has withdrawn from the enterprise, making it over to Mr. Deshler Welsh, the amiable and industrious young man that fills the editorial chair.

Miss Coghlan's husband, Mr. Edgerly, has been dangerously ill with pneumonia in Boston.

Joe Howard, Jr., has been engaged in performing a somewhat remarkable literary feat. In three weeks, with the assistance of a stenographer, he has completed a 700 page "Life of Beecher." The volume contains many personal letters written by the great preacher and a vast quantity of hitherto unpublished material.

A Broadway dealer in photographs displays Dr. Robertson's counterfeit presentation for sale among the rest of the celebrities. The Doctor is wrathful, his confreres jealous and his patients jubilant in consequence of this unusual but flattering conspicuousness.

The profession should know its foes as well as its friends, and for that reason this paragraph is written. Before the Madison Square company went to Washington, Mr. Palmer courteously appealed to Mr. Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for a donation to the Actors' Fund to offset in some degree, at least, the heavy charge for transportation to and from the Capital. Mr. Palmer was aware that no rates could be given under the Interstate Commerce law, but the gift of a sum of money to the representative charitable institution of a class that spends immense sums annually on the road in question was entirely feasible if the proper disposition existed. It did not, however. Mr. Roberts curtly replied that the Pennsylvania Company would do nothing for the Fund. There is more than one way of getting to Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc., and I hope managers and professionals will bear the fact in mind.

Moreover, as no more passes are granted theatrical people by the railways managers will do well to withdraw the privileges of free admission to their attractions that railroad officials have always enjoyed. There would be nothing in the way of reprisal about such a course—it would be simply sensible and proper. Mr. Palmer states that neither at the Madison Square nor elsewhere that his companies appear shall Pennsylvania Railway people have complimentary entrance. He and other managers will do well to make the rule applicable to all railway men, without discrimination.

While the Mayor and the police kept New York thirsty on Sunday there was liquid refreshment galore for the fortunate visitors to Mt. St. Vincent in the Park. The sacred precincts of that establishment were crowded by eaters and drinkers, among whom quite a number of professionals were noticeable and notable. Joseph Haworth, Edward Aronson, Sidney Drew, Emma Maubury, Louise Dickson, Pauline Hall, Sadie Bigelow and Blakely Hall were enjoying the products of Mr. McCann's capital cuisine. Down at the secluded Casino by the Mall Mr. and Mrs. Schoeffel, Miss Harrison and Joe Howard formed the centre of an interesting group of diners. St. Vincent is a charming spot to make the objective point of a Sunday afternoon drive at this early season, when Brighton and Long Beach are mere visions of the future.

Our Sage paternally urges the ladies and gentlemen of the profession to frequent the new MIRROR building at leisure moments. Artists are proverbially heedless, and liable to get into pickles. The contemplation of the article in Park and Tilford's windows would be apt, he thinks, to make them gro-greous!

Charles Overton writes from London: "Our first week at the Princess Theatre with Held by the Enemy reached \$6,000. There is every prospect of a fine run. I went in one-half on the enterprise and receive besides ten per cent. of the profits. This brings my clearance on

the opening week up to \$1,500. I have already booked tours of the Enemy to begin in September. Three companies will be playing it simultaneously."

George Wotherspoon, who follows journalism and still has time to do the social thing, has become dramatic critic of the *Commercial Advertiser*.

Nat Goodwin's season at the Bijou has not come up to expectations. There have been some spells of good business and many of bad. Last week was one of the latter sort, when the receipts didn't average \$200 a performance. It was the same way with Dixey during his long Adonis run, only in that case the "boom" on the outside was never suffered to appear otherwise than rapid, thanks to the jockeying management. Goodwin personally has made a good thing out of the Bijou engagement. He has furnished simply his own services and received therefor a liberal percentage of the gross.

A party of assinine dudes sat in a box at the Grand Opera House on Monday night and deliberately threw diminutive bouquets into the faces of some of the Evangeline girls. The theatre was fairly jammed—there must have been nearly 3,000 people there. The proportion of women to men was about one in a hundred. Pretty and popular as Evangeline has been, and still is, it has probably done more to demoralize the stage than any other agency. The men go to see its women. It is an exhibition—not a performance; for assuredly the drivelling libretto, the cheap musical-melodies and the horseplay business cannot be a source of attraction.

As a labor of love Frank Sanger is supervising the business side of Mackaye's production of *Anarchy* in Buffalo the last of next month. He will go to Europe June 11 if the multifarious details of the new theatre project do not demand his presence all Summer.

My suggestion respecting a benefit for Mme. Dolaro has, I am glad to see, borne fruit. Preparations are under way for a performance shortly at the Madison Square. This will be one of the few benefits of the season actually deserving of public and professional support, and I hope the returns will be commensurately large.

The developments in theatrical circles the past three days have been important. French and Sanger have fixed the lease for the Cosmopolitan property. Dixey has acquired a half interest in the checkered Bijou. Abbey is likely to sign for Wallack's within a day or so, and Schoeffel and Grau will have the Star. Tearle is not yet engaged by Abbey, nor is Rose Coghlan.

That shy young man, Samuel Stockvis, who is one of the select corps that glean the latest dramatic news and gossip for this journal, was married on Monday to Miss Margaret E. Nagle, at St. Mary's Church. The ceremony was private, only relatives being present. Mr. Stockvis and his bride are spending a brief honeymoon in a secluded New Jersey town, watching the grass sprout and enjoying love's young dream.

A correspondent notes the similarity of Jim the Penman and Der Advocate. The latter was produced at Munich and failed. A copy came to Amberg, but he did not dare risk it at the Thalia. Sir Charles Young's piece in plot resembles the German drama.

In the Courts.

THE AMERICAN OPERA SUITS.

Another start was made on the opera company suits in the City Court last week, and two of them cleared up. Judge Ehrlich was the fortunate expounder of the law who was allotted the task of listening to them. The suits called were as follows: Ruth Torbett who wants twenty-one weeks' salary, \$472.50; Jennie Woods, \$420; Jessie Woods, \$420; Jessie Watson, \$472.50; Alice Richards, \$380; Alfred W. Young, \$793.50; William Parry, assistant stage manager, \$2,000 for breach of contract, and William Bates, for \$5,500. When the question of a jury came up the plaintiff's lawyer said he did not care for a jury, as the question to be decided was one of law. The American Opera Company's lawyers wanted a jury, and Judge Ehrlich accommodated them.

The case of Mr. Parry was first taken up. Mr. Parry had been engaged by the company at a salary of \$75 a week on August 20, 1885. After eight weeks service he had been discharged. Besides salary he included some damages, in all swelling the amount to \$2,000. The contract was offered in evidence. The other side set up a claim that Mr. Parry had won a suit for two weeks salary, and that this barred him from further proceedings. The court did not take that view of the case, and held that Parry had a right to proceed in the matter. The result was the Judge ordered the jury to find for Mr. Parry the amount of \$1,125 and costs. The case of Alice Richards, the ballet-dancer, was argued on similar grounds, and she was given a verdict for \$380. The defence thought they had had enough for one day, and asked an adjournment, as they were not ready in the other cases. The Judge gave them two more weeks to find support for their cases.

EVANGELINE FEELS DAMAGED.

Louise Montague is the latest aspirant for damages through the means of court orders, and \$500 is the amount she asks for. The suit is brought against Joseph Brooks and Captain Alfred Thompson, the owners and managers

of the Imperial Burlesque company. Miss Montague says that she entered into negotiations with the defendants and agreed to go with their company for a period of forty weeks as leading artist, the engagement to go into effect on May 29 next. By that time she would be through with the Evangeline company and ready to gain ducaats and merited applause from other audiences. A contract was drawn up and signed. Shortly after she was sent for and went to the house of Jesse Williams, where she selected music and made other arrangements for the season. Captain Thompson was present at the time, she avers, and asked her to sing, so that he could pass judgment upon her vocal accomplishments. Miss Montague did not want to sing there, as she did not like the acoustic qualities of the place. So she told the Captain he must go over to Brooklyn and hear her warble a few selections in Evangeline. The Captain was not pleased that she would not sing where she was, and really, you know, felt insulted. A few days afterward she received a note from the Captain stating that she was not wanted in the burlesque company. Not believing that contracts should be so rudely broken, Miss Montague seeks legal redress. When the defendants prepare their answer the anxious public will ascertain how they are to attempt to escape the "prize beauty's" claim.

More Responses.

Since the first instalment of doings of play-thieves was printed in THE MIRROR, there has flowed in a constant stream of letters in regard to these filchers and their brazen effrontery. THE MIRROR is indebted to J. M. Schoneman, a journalist of Quincy, Ill., who exposes the Eunice Goodrich company. Miss Goodrich and her sponsors deal in the following stolen property: The Banker's Daughter, Engaged, Rosedale, The Flirt (probably W. J. Florence's new play), and Carrots (probably '49). All this and more, along with "solid gold watches" as prizes.

That cormorant among play-pirates, Nelson Compton, is now pirating Jacqueline, the property of Mattie Vickers. This fellow Compton is the barnstorming manager of the barnstorming Nellie Free, whose very surname suggests the buccaner. Manager Berry, for Miss Vickers, has stopped these pirates several times; but the moment his grip loosens they continue the depredation, and thus far they have the best of the fight.

The Melville Sisters are well steeped play-pirates. A merchant in Columbia, Pa., writes: "In a theatrical sense, our town has been ruined by ten-cent companies. I enclose a sample bill of the Melville Sisters. They present Hazel Kirke, Galley Slave, Esmeralda, Divorce, The Danites and The Colleen Bawn. If I am well informed, all these are copyrighted plays, and I am surprised that the owners submit to the bold theft. I remember that some time ago THE MIRROR played an important part in the exposure and bringing to book of a number of play-pirates; but it seems that they have become bolder than ever. If I can be of any service to you, pray command me, as I am a lover of good dramatic performances."

Stella Rees is the star of the Norman Dramatic company. Many good words have been said of Miss Rees in these columns; but her business conduct is not just now in keeping with her artistic reputation. Recently one of Miss Rees' "changes of play each evening" (at Oneonta, N. Y.) was The Danites. Miss Rees played Nancy Williams and Billie Piper, much to the delight of the Oneonta provincials, who, of course, did not know that the lady was dealing in stolen goods, and probably wouldn't have cared if they did. Miss Rees has hitherto borne an unblemished professional reputation, and has aspired to shine in the stellar firmament as a constellation of Juliet, Julia, Pauline, etc.; but she has switched off the track, let it be hoped, temporarily.

One Harry Arnold puts his miserable talents to Nip and Tuck, which is Harry Webber's play. Harry Webber is an excellent comedian—from a Western point of view. Fact is, he isn't known in the East, but he's more or less of a great gun in the West. Milton Nobles has charged Mr. Webber with unprofessional conduct. They've had it hot and heavy in these columns, with the odds in favor of the Phoe-nix. This is not germane to the stealing, and we dismiss it. The airy Arnold is playing Nip and Tuck, which, by Western reputation and the ordinary inheritance that prevails in that region, is Mr. Webber's property. A "beautiful silver pitcher" does not atone for this stealing.

The unconvicted Waite boldly prints his uninteresting portrait on the first page of the programme. His is a "powerful stock company at popular prices." Always "one week, commencing," etc. "Past record a guarantee of the future." (Rats! or Chestnut! according to taste.) Waite is a dramatic bunco man. He hides plays under false titles. He is "queer" from A to Z, and is not oblivious to "prizes." Waite is a very cunning fellow, and is admired by his fellow-pirates. Boldness passes for courage with these worthies, and therefore Waite is placed upon a pedestal—has a niche all his own.

Josie Crocker, a long-time barnstormer, is at the head of the Baldwin Theatre company—high-sounding name, but this is a cheap edition. According to "dodgers" sent THE MIRROR, the versatile Crocker has a penchant for Hazel Kirke, The Galley Slave, Two Orphans and Queen's Evidence, and deals them out at the low price of ten and twenty cents.

Manager Scott, of Fort Scott, Kas., writes: "I send you letter-head of a (to me) new concern, and call your attention to the repertoire of 'Miss Grace Hezlep, America's Greatest Actress.' Her manager wanted my Fair dates, but didn't get 'em. Put the company on your 'little list.' Charles P. King is Miss Hezlep's manager, and both are obscure, even in the West. The stolen plays in their repertoire include Fogg's Ferry Planter's Wife, Mountain Pink, Carrots and '49."

Here THE MIRROR reiterates a statement. It does not hold these companies altogether responsible. They can do nothing without the aid of the resident managers. Unfortunately, these local managers—the great majority—are hand and glove with the play-pirates. To wrestle with these thieves is a great undertaking. It is a single handed fight. The pirates are well armed, even though their weapons are rusty.

Costumes in The Love Chase.

Helen Dauvray's costumes in The Love Chase are faithful delineations of the period the play was written in, the great puff sleeves being perhaps the most noticeable feature.

The sound waist and short, full skirt we are all familiar with, but the *tout ensemble*, while it is a perfect picture of the fashions of the day, is not perhaps so picturesque as others of the olden time. Miss Dauvray appears first in a blue satin, the little bodice almost hidden between the full sleeve and skirt. A pink satin is worn next; this is also plainly made, but becoming. A third costume is a delicate shade of moonlight, opening in front, disclosing silver passementerie. A finish of soft, filmy lace adds to this charming gown. A riding habit of that era would create a sensation now with its rather full, long skirt of green cloth and jacket of red, braided across the front *a la militaire*, with gold, and an enormous great hat finished with gold lace.

The crowning glory of Miss Dauvray's costumes in The Love Chase is in the last scene. A superb white brocaded satin is draped with lace of a fabulous price—in fact, the cost of this costume is said to be \$3,000. The front of the skirt opens, disclosing a petticoat covered with pearl passementerie, edged with a fringe of pearls.

Miss Vernon wears some very handsome costumes. A crimson plush and blue satin are both striking and becoming costumes. In the last act she wears, very gracefully, a beautiful white Spanish lace as a veil. In fact, the white gowns in the last act are particularly effective in the dance.

Miss Stanhope wore perhaps the most picturesque gown of that rather stiff age in her character of waiting-maid—a charming little gown that makes one wonder why women of any age or period will disfigure themselves by following fashions whose only redeeming quality is that they change, but unfortunately do not change into anything better.

Hail and Farewell.

Good bye, Union Square! Good bye, Bowery Hill, on whose mound as a youngling I picked the early cherries. Good bye, George Washington, majestic on your bronze horse marching to victory. Under our eye he has lived and flourished for many years, and now we part for another lookout.

Beyond you we cast our mind's eye in its earlier years. We fall back on Ann street, where General Morris engendered for the old, old MIRROR, "Woodman Spare that Tree," and debonnaire N. P. Willis "pencilled" brilliantly for its columns.

An expounder of municipal growth cannot fail to record the fact that in its patriarchal epoch Gotham was a kid elephant and that many rode upon his back who attracted not much attention for their art or their wealth. But now that it has grown to be a Jumbo, the older settlers who have stayed by the "animal" have been hoodlaid to a great elevation and are looked up to as mighty men, millionaires, social guides and what not that is great and wonderful. It is not exactly that they are colossal *in se*, but it is Jumbo that is the fine adult.

There is a certain genial sadness in turning our backs on fifty years of the past, to close up a panorama which exhibited the virtues, the worth and the graces of cultivated men and artists who have made their exit with all the honors. Make way, then, for plate-glass of the largest and purest pattern, with a new frame double gilded and like Mr. Weller with its microscope of hundred-million magnifying power. Up Broadway on no hackney cart or van it takes its way, in a triumphal chariot studded all over with gems of the first water, it calls a halt at its Aladdin's Palace on the Avenue and is wide awake as its chosen body-guard and genii hold up the magic MIRROR to show the very age and body of the time its form and pressure.

As among the observers who year by year looked upon this Progress, I have taken note of its multiple reflections, refractions and glints of the passing show.

In the kaleidoscopic pageant have I seen the tragedian, the tragedienne, the prima donna, the high and low comedian, the pantomimist, the trains and robes of obscure celebrities and vanished phantoms of what had been and what might be; ascending and descending aspirants for the sock and buskin, the kings, the queens, the Apollos and Dianas of the stage. Personally we have lived so far back as to have seen old Denton, who flourished at the beginning of the century, down to the horsey chestnut monger of to-day.

Nor do we hold in lamentation the great eras of the drama that have gone away; with a vast background to contemplate, there lies before us the boundless flower-covered, vigorous, grassy prairie of a new world. If great actors have left a trail of light in the past, greater may lift their stellar orbs above the horizon and impart their later and fresher splendor to the stage.

In spite of the giant dramatists who have held the arena in other times, we may hope to see existing upon our sphere other masters, who will introduce us to a living world of imagination, fancy and humor.

Whatever may happen, and however earnest the cries of the people as they turn toward our Pisgah, "Watchman, what of the morning?" we need but turn our newly set and freshly-burnished MIRROR toward them and they may behold that which is latest, brightest and best in the great cosmos of the drama and its constituted forces.

NEXTOR.

Gossip of the Town.



This is a portrait of Lula Evans, a comic opera favorite. At present Miss Evans is appearing professionally on the Pacific Coast, of which, we believe, she is a native. She is a good actress and singer, pretty of face and petite of figure.

It is said that a syndicate is getting ready to build a new theatre in Jersey City.

Frank Brooker, manager for Julia Anderson, has taken desk-room at Taylor's Exchange.

Harry Meredith will be at liberty after May 7, when he closes season with Robert Downey.

The sale of seats for Dixey in Adonis began at the box-office of the Bijou on Tuesday morning.

There is talk of Billy Emerson, the well-known minstrel, establishing a permanent show in this city.

Allen Dare, by Admiral Porter, is to be put on at the Star Theatre in August. A large company is required in the presentation.

Will S. Marion is looking for a manager for his Fortune's Fool. He doesn't want money, but a man with push and experience.

Maida Craigen, of the Boston Museum company, is playing Florence Lowell in Prince Karl. She is at liberty for next season.

For good work done during the season, T. H. Winnett has given each of his lieutenants, William Black and G. W. Winnett, a handsome present.

W. H. Stuart, who has been playing successfully in Taken from Life, joins Lizzie May Ulmer on May 7 to play five weeks in Halifax and St. John.

Ethel Corlette, leading soprano, is disengaged. Miss Corlette is pronounced by competent judges to be a fine singer. She is one of the prettiest women in her profession.

R. L. Scott and Harry Mills are busy with preparations for their tour next season in A Chip of the Old Block. They open at the new Grand Opera House, Columbus, O., on August 29.

George W. Floyd, who joined the Mecca Order of the Mystic Shrine about two months ago, has been presented with a handsome Shrine badge by E. S. Innet, of the Delamater Iron Works.

An error crept into THE MIRROR last week in the announcement of Manager J. W. Rosenquest's becoming a Free Mason. Mr. Rosenquest has joined Adelphi Lodge, No. 348, instead of the New York Lodge, as stated.

Dan Mason, of the Evangeline company, is to star next season in a musical farical absurdity called The Side Show by the Sea, which has been written by himself and another whose identity is kept in the background.

George Hanlon, who has been away from Fantasma nearly all the season, has joined the company to remain until the close, June 4. The European Voyage en Suisse is playing a closing engagement in Hamburg preparatory to coming to America.

Charles Bradshaw, the comedian, has just received a photograph—the first ever taken—of Captain Elisha Pratt, of North Scituate, Mass. Captain Pratt is the sea-dog after whom James Maffit modelled his original make-up of the Lone Fisherman, and he made a very faithful copy.

S. S. Levy, the manager in Norwalk, O., was in town for a few days last week. He exhibited a photo of the handsome new Gardiner Opera House in that city, to be opened on Sept. 1. Sosman and Landis are now at work on the interior decorations. The house will seat 920.

As high as ten dollars was paid for seats at Manager Fritz Staub's benefit in Knoxville, Tenn., last night (Wednesday). The benefit to Manager Albert, in Chattanooga the night before, brought out a great crush of fashionable, including Miss Winnie Davis, daughter of Jefferson Davis.

Hercat, the magician, has assumed the management of The Old London Streets. He will introduce many novelties, and freshen up the antique affair, so to speak. Hercat has been connected with the Crystal Palace, London and other European amusements, and has conducted enterprises in Australia.

The Aronsons have re-engaged Fred. Solomon for next season. He is still playing Cadeaux in Erminie, and writes: "While I introduce a great many original bits, I am perfectly satisfied to make the foundation of the part a second violin copy of Mr. Francis Wilson, the original on this side of the water."

Manager Hanley has made a few changes in the route of Harrigan's Park Theatre company. Instead of going to Omaha, Neb., after Chicago, the company goes to St. Joseph, Mo., and by way of Lincoln and Council Bluffs to Omaha; thence to Cheyenne, Salt Lake and San Francisco.

Barry and Fay have been rehearsing their new comedy at Tony Pastor's. The chosen few who have been admitted to the sacred precincts say that it is very funny, especially the scene of parliamentary debate. Even Billy Kennedy, the veteran heel-tapper of the minstrel stage and major domo of the house, is in raptures over it.

W. H. Matthews and John Bones, the assistant manager and treasurer, respectively, of the Grand Opera House, have rented the theatre from the close of the regular Spring to the opening of the Fall season, and will put on a good line of attractions. They will open their season on June 13 with Edwin F. Mayo in Davy Crockett; on June 20 they will present C. E. Verner's Shaugbraun company, and on June 27 Henry T. Chanfrau in Kit, the Arkansas Traveller, will appear. If they are fortunate in getting an opera company they will run it for the Summer months—a season of four or six weeks from July 4.

W. K. Walker, the live young manager of the Howard Opera House at Burlington, Vt., tarried in town last week. Last season he was in partnership with his father, K. B. Walker, the former manager. This season the management and profits are all his own, and the latter are handsome. There is so much to do in this Vermont city that horse-play comedies won't draw; but the great stars and attractions make it a one-night stand to a liberal yield. Burlington is singularly and favorably situated. It is the "rest" from Albany to Montreal, and from Montreal to New England, and is thus fortunate in getting companies that would otherwise give it the go-by. K. B. Walker is now in Wall street.

"After the present week at the Grand Opera House," said Duncan B. Harrison, of the Evangeline company, to a representative of THE MIRROR the other day, "this organization will go to the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, opening next Monday night for a long run. We have sixty seven people who will appear in the production, and six or seven new musical numbers are to be added. For next season we are booked solid right through to San Francisco and back. Arrangements have been lately concluded whereby John A. Mackey is to be starred next season in Rice's Surprise Party, which will go on the road with Fog and a repertoire, including a new play which is now being written especially for Mr. Mackey."

PROVINCIAL.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

Smith as Dick Deadey made quite a hit. The Flov Crowell co. was booked for a return engagement week of 10 but did not appear.

Men on George Cooper, of the Mora co., who has been seriously ill for over a week in this city, rejoins the troupe at Laconia. Alice Gleason, the well-known serio-comic singer, is visiting her sister here. Had the pleasure of meeting S. P. Norman, ahead of Margaret Mather.

DOVER.

City Opera House: A benefit concert in which Dr. Louis Mass, the eminent pianist; Blanche Nichols, soprano, and A. E. Pennington, tenor, assisted, was tendered Nellie Carl, one of our local artists, 19. Big audience and highly appreciative. Dallys in Vacation 20. The house was packed to a solid jam. This is the fourth visit of Vacation and yet it catches.

NEW JERSEY.

TRENTON.

Opera House (John Taylor, manager): Joseph Murphy, supported by a strong co., gave a very amusing performance of Kerry Gow 18, large audience. Leslie Comin played a very successful engagement 20-21 at low prices, presenting Uncle Tom's Cabin and Ten Nights in a Barroom. On the Rio Grande 30; Alone in London 34; Shadows of a Great City 6-7; My Aunt Bridget 11-14.

NEWARK.

Miner's Theatre, Maggie Mitchell opened 25 in the old familiar fashion to a house well filled and applause abundant. On May 7 Manager Frank Perley will sever his connection with the house, the regular season closing on that date.

Grand Opera House: A Soap Bubble, with T. J. Farro and Grace Emmett, opened 25 for a week. Large audience. An unusually good co. Waldmann's Opera House: Kelly and Murphy's Specialty co. this week. House crowded at the opening. Good co.

NEW MEXICO.

LAS VEGAS.

Opera House (Charles Tamme, manager): Frederick Wards in Virginia 18; Richard III, 19; crowded houses. Good performance by far the best attraction we have ever had in Las Vegas.

NEW YORK.

ROCHESTER.

Grand Opera House (P. H. Lehman, manager): Little Nell and Fanny Bloodgood's troupe drew fair audiences 18-19. Bloodgood's Nanny and Co. appeared for Manager Lehman's benefit 20, and the house was crowded. Wilcox Barrett opened 21 to a delighted audience. The Color Sergeant, A Clerical Error and John Chatterton were presented. Miss Eastlake shared in the applause. Frank May 25-26.

Academy of Music (J. E. Proctor, manager): The Howard Athenaeum co. attracted large houses last week. This week Maggie Landing; next, The Silver King; next, Wilcox Barrett.

City Opera House: A. J. K. did a medium business last week. Present week, Loder's Hilarity co. Item: The Elks' benefit at the Academy of Music is to be a noteworthy event. Special features are to be introduced. Mrs. Nibb, supported by ex-Alderman "Hindman," will appear in scenes from Macbeth. Frank Mayo will give a recitation.

Winning Opera House (P. H. Lehman, manager): The attraction for the current week will be Clio 26-27. With week 28, J. J. Farro's Soap Bubble drew fairly 28. Harry's Tin Soldier and good business 29-30. Wilcox Barrett played to a very fashionable audience 31. Clio's Adamson Eden showed to good houses 32.

Grand Opera House (Jacob and Proctor, managers): Frances Bloch in Richard III, 28; drew a large house, past week. The Silver King is the attraction for the present week. Inauguration is underlined for week of May 5.

Cal Wagner's Theatre: Charles A. Loder's Hilarity co. did well the past week. Adele Carleton, supported by the Favorments of Paris co., which disbanded here last week, will fill the week of 25. Cal Wagner also taking part.

CATSKILL.

The Nelsa Theatre was formally opened last week by Joseph Jefferson and his co. in Kip Van Winkle. The house was crowded with a select and appreciative audience. The star was received with great applause and resided at the hotel. The theatre has a seating capacity of 900, but there were nearly a thousand spectators present. Mr. Jefferson was given a reception at the rooms of the Rip Van Winkle Club after the performance.

AUBURN.

Academy of Music (E. J. Matson, manager): Hall and Bloodgood's co. gave one of the best variety entertainments of the season to a good-sized audience 21. Baker and Moulton's Black Crook co. fairly pleased an average audience. The Herbert Brothers, acrobats, deserve special mention. Lily Clay's Adamson Eden co. did only a fair business 23.

Opera House (Warner Reed, manager): Professor Brinkman's Equivocal Opera co. four very profitable and enjoyable entertainments 18-20.

OSWEGO.

Academy of Music (John E. Pierce, manager): A large house latched behind at the Tin Soldier 21; Wilcox Barrett opened 22, to a small house, giving a triple bill, which seemed to please. The Little Tycoon co. 23; second visit this season. This house will now be under the control of Manager W. H. Friable, of the Casino Opera House, on July 1, he having secured a lease for next season. The stage and proscenium arch will be lowered and enlarged, new scenery and a new drop provided, and a general refurbishing and renovation. Two first-class attractions only a week will be played.

ROME.

Opera House (W. S. Sink, manager): T. J. Farro's Soap Bubble 19; fair house. Specialties very good, and general satisfaction given. The New York English Bull-dog Concert 20; a small but appreciative audience. Atkinson's Pinafore May 3; Silver King 10.

OLEAN.

Opera House (Wagner and Reis, managers): The finest entertainment of the season was that given by the Temple Theatre Company Opera co. 19—Little Tycoon. Mr. Darcy as General Knickerbocker was heartily received—in fact encores were received by all the soloists. The costumes and stage settings were elegant, small audience. An ultra fashionable audience was that which greeted Maggie Mitchell 20. The star was rapturously received by the large crowd. Four curtain calls were bestowed. Helen Adell May 16, week.

UTICA.

City Opera House (H. H. Day, manager): Wilcox Barrett in a triple bill—Color Sergeant, A Clerical Error and Chatterton—good house down stairs. After A Clerical Error the entire co. was called before the curtain. Nancy and Clio 31; fair business. Tin Soldier 21; light house.

City Opera House: Lily Clay's Adamson Eden 21; top-heavy house.

ONEIDA.

The Oneida Opera House, under management of H. C. Eastman and Amusement Association, will be fitted with a complete set of opera chairs for the opening of next season. Moulton and Baker's Black Crook came 25; packed house.

Deveraux Opera House: Baker's Chris and Lena 19; fair business.

ELMIRA.

Opera House (W. E. Bardwell, manager): Gardiner's Zozo 21; fair-sized audience; piece gave satisfaction. The Little Tycoon co., 23, matinee and evening (return date) to large business. While personally not much impressed with this composition, I must own that it has "caught on" hereabouts. Dockstader's Minstrels May 12.

Whiff: The Elmira Lodge Elks, No. 69, will be instituted May 1, by John H. Meach, assisted by other brothers from Buffalo. Sixty prominent citizens will be initiated—Jennie Kustace, of this city, left this week for New York to attend rehearsals of her society at the Madison Square Theatre. Manager C. Smith is actively interested in supplying the public with out-door amusements the coming summer. He has control of our Athletic park.

BINGHAMTON.

Opera House (I. P. E. Clark, manager): A Tin Soldier drew a large audience 18, and kept it in the best of humor. Professor D. M. Bristol's Equestrianism did an immense business 21-23.

AMSTERDAM.

Opera House (T. J. Neff, manager): Wilcox Barrett came 19. Largest and most fashionable audience of the season. A triple bill was given, viz.: Color Sergeant, A Clerical Error and Chatterton. While it was generally conceded that Mr. Barrett was a fine actor, yet the majority of the audience were disappointed. The performance did not come up to the high pitch to which their expectations had been raised. The Color Sergeant and A Clerical Error are clever dramatic productions, but better suited to a drawing-room than a theatre, and Chatterton is too much of a monologue to be pleasing to the average audience. Then, too, Mr. Barrett's method is radically different from that of the American actors we know and admire, and hence at first leaves a somewhat unfavorable impression. It can not be denied that, whatever his faults, he possesses the essence of histrionic ability. His co-actress was

and those deserving special mention are the leading lady, Miss Eastlake and Mr. Emery.

Potter Opera House (N. S. Potter, manager): Taylor's Congress of Wonders 21-23 to large business. The entertainment is very pleasing, and some of the slight-of-hand work is truly marvellous. Howarth Hibernica co. 20.

POUGHKEEPSIE.

Collingwood Opera House (E. B. Sweet, manager): Arthur Kebab's excellent co. played Nancy and Co. 19 (return date) to a well-filled house, and entire co. scored a hit, especially Cassie Turner and Edward Warren, Dockstader's Minstrels 30.

Items: Manager Sweet's benefit 19 was a complete success. He was presented with a handsome gold watch chain and Masonic emblem by the Opera House attaches.—Barnum's advertising car was here 25, and the town looks gaudy.—Fraulein Kitty Berger appeared in concert as under local management. She will give a special matinee shortly.

BUFFALO.

Academy of Music (Meach Brothers, managers): Last week Salisbury's Troubadours in The Humming Bird sang rather light houses. Bunch of Keys 25-26. Court Street Theatre (H. R. Jacobs, manager): Week of 18 Fowler and Washington co. is shipped by the Light of the Moon brought out a succession of large audiences. The Howard Athenaeum co. opened 23. Mugs' Landing May 4.

The Adelphi: Business last week was fair. The Rent-Santley co. being the attraction. Lily Clay's Adamson Eden follows.

Items: This week winds up the Adelphi's season under Colonel Seelbacher's management. The new lessees, Messrs. Gerlach and Swann, propose to open for a short season the latter part of May.

WATKINSON.

City Opera House (M. C. Gage, manager): Frank Mayo and his excellent co. gave a splendid performance of Nordeck 25. Large and appreciative audience.

GLOVERSVILLE.

Opera House (A. J. Kasson, manager): Tin Soldier 21; good business; co. poor. G. C. Boniface, Jr., as the drummer, was a complete failure. Salisbury's Troubadours 30, Clio 3.

ITHACA.

Opera House (H. L. Wilgus, manager): Gordon's Opera co. week of 18; large houses.

NEWBURGH.

Opera House (Colonel Deady, manager): L-on and Cushman's On the Stage 19; good satisfaction to a big house. My Aunt Bridget 20.

LOCKPORT.

The Turner-Moulton Opera co., who gave a fine concert 14 to a light house, played a return 15 to a large and refined audience, which more than paid them for their first visit.

MATTEWAN.

Opera House (W. S. Dibble, proprietor): Howarth's Hibernica drew one of the largest audiences of the season 25.

Item: Music Hall, used for a number of years for theatrical business, being too small to accommodate our fast increasing population, is being converted into a slipper manufactory.

OHIO.

TOLEDO.

Wheeler's Opera House (S. W. Brady, manager): McNeil's Johnson and Riney returned engagements 18 to fair house. The usual excellent programme was given. George C. Boniface, in Streets of New York, drew slim houses 20-21. We, U. Co. drew a big house 22. McNeary, Hawkins and Bruno are so comical as ever and the piece goes with a vim that is refreshing. Bunch of Keys played a fair house 23.

People's Gray and Stephens packed the house during the week. Present week, Sheehan and Coyne. Sid France May 5.

ZANESVILLE.

Schultz and Co.'s Opera House (John Hoge, manager): W. C. Cooper's Blackmail was given 21 to a very slender assemblage. It was followed by the McCall Opera co. (return date) 22. Falta drew a good house, and it was sung to a good-sized and highly delighted audience. Kitty Cheatham sang the title role, Falta, in a manner positively charming. Her winsome ways, dash and energy helped her to make an instantaneous hit. The audience gave her so much applause that she was obliged to leave the stage to rest; each number was re-demanded. Alfred Klein made Brother Pelican an especially comical character, while Harry MacDonald, as Von Falbach, sustained his reputation as a comedian.

DAYTON.

The Grand (Reist and managers): Kara Kendall, in A Pair of Kids, was the attraction 18, for the annual benefit of our popular manager, Larry H. Reist. Both Kara and Larry can well feel proud of the reception, the theatre being so crowded that the last man in had to leave the lobby. Kara Kendall scored a hit from the start. Devil's Auction 20; medium business. Ignacia Martinelli, who will be remembered as the boot-black from Dan Thompson for many seasons, gave the best impersonation of Toby that we have seen. He is a fair singer, active dancer and a handsome little fellow in every way. Blackmail was presented 24, under the auspices of the T. P. A., to large audiences.

Cost: Louis Clark, the star, drew a benevolent act by producing Unknown, Trux, River Pirates and Between Two Loves.—The two greatest attractions of the season come the same week—Elks 4, Booth 6—Manager Larry H. Reist was the recipient of a beautiful floral wreath from Dayton, O. E. D. Co. There will be a Summer co. at the Soldiers' Home this season, as usual. Helen Tracey is spoken of as leading lady.

BELLALIRE.

Elysian Opera House (Scott and Isbell, managers): Frances Labarre in Nobody's Child drew a fair house 18. The star in the title role was good. Support fair. Kara Kendall presented A Pair of Kids 21; very large house. The comedy was the best of its kind ever presented here. Kara Kendall is one of the funniest comedians on the stage, and has won many admirers among our people. His support was above the average. The audience went wild over Arthur and Jennie Dunn. A Mountain Pink, with Bella Moore in the title role, drew a Saturday night audience 23. One of the Bravest May 6-7.

Items: Herbert Labadie, late of Siberia, joined the Nobody's Child 18.—Kara Kendall will be in New York May 9.—Nobody's Child drew a benevolent act by giving a benefit at Martin's Ferry 19 for the cyclone sufferers.—A Chestnut Minstrel co. has been organized here to give a benefit to the cyclone sufferers. Manager Scott has given the use of his house.—Doris and Colvin's Circus May 11.

LIMA.

Faurot Opera House (George E. Rogers, manager): A co. headed by Emma Howard presented Silver Spar 18 to poor business. The co. is very weak; play ditto. The Devil's Auction 19; fair business. The co. was attracted 19 by the huge audiences that greeted its presentation here. The Auction goes better each year. Ignacia Martinelli is the best. Toby the co. has been playing at his songs and his songs are being sung with enthusiasm. Wells and co. 21; large audience. The skit fell very flat this time, and with the exception of Charles B. Hawkins and Lena Merrill the co. did not make much of a success. Bennett's Opera co. 22-8.

Item: The ushers take a benefit next week. Mattie Vickers will be the attraction.

PIQUA.

Opera House (W. G. Conover, manager): Devil's Auction 18; good house.

AKRON.

Academy of Music (W. G. Robinson, manager): Corinne opened Monday night to a packed house, regardless of the pelting rain. Another large house Tuesday. We, U. S. Co. played to a strong, roomy co. Third appearance in this city and packed houses every time.

People's Theatre: Last week the Bijou Theatre co., Josie Crocker as star, did a fair business. Deserved better houses. Good co. This week, Under the Gaslight.

SANDUSKY.

Biemiller's Opera House (Frohman and He, managers): Wilber Dramatic co. week of 11; standing-room only. J. K. Emmet 21; large business. Bennett's Opera co. opened for several nights to fair house only 25. Around the World in Eighty Days 28; Two Johns 30.

UPPER SANDUSKY.

Opera House (W. L. Lime, manager): E. F. Benton's Silver Spar co. to a large and appreciative audience 21. Third appearance here. Frank Jones in Si Perkins 30.

FREMONT.

Heims Opera House (T. M. Dryfoos, manager): Bennett Opera co. to a large and fashionable audience in Pirates of Penzance 21. The co. is good. George Travener, the original Frederick of the opera, has a rich and melodious voice. John Reed is a fair baritone, but has not his voice under full control. Si Perkins May 2.

CIRCLEVILLE.

Coliseum (Charles H. Kellstadt, manager): Francis Labadie in Nobody's Child 25. Poor house; good co.

MOUNT VERNON.

Woodward Opera House (L. B. Hunt, manager): Bella Moore as Sincerity Weeks in A Mountain Pink, pleased a small audience 10. Miss Moore shows decided improvement in her acting and singing, and received several encores and one curtain call. Frank Davidson appeared in a badly pirated version of Gardner's Karl 25.

ITEMS:

Forepaugh's advertising car No. 1 was here

this week. Everything is Circus until May 11.—Season closes May 23 with Bennett's English Opera co.—George Hanna, of the Bella Moore co., gave me a call 19.—No less than four ten-cent co. have been refused dates since Jan. 8, all having stolen dramas.

TIFFIN.

Shawhan's Opera House (E. B. Hubbard, manager): Wilber's Theatre 18; week; good business. The co. is first class, supporting Marie Brinard. Bennett's English Opera co. 19; 20; 21; 22; 23; 24; 25; 26; 27; 28; 29; 30; 31; 32; 33; 34; 35; 36; 37; 38; 39; 40; 41; 42; 43; 44; 45; 46; 47; 48; 49; 50; 51; 52; 53; 54; 55; 56; 57; 58; 59; 60; 61; 62; 63; 64; 65; 66; 67; 68; 69; 70; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76; 77; 78; 79; 80; 81; 82; 83; 84; 85; 86; 87; 88; 89; 90; 91; 92; 93; 94; 95; 96; 97; 98; 99; 100.

MASSILLON.

Bucher's New Opera House (J. V. R. Skinner, manager): Little Corinne played to fair houses 25-27, presenting Arcadia. Audiences delighted with the charming little actress, and kept up almost constant applause. Little Corinne captivated everyone with her utterances.

MANFIELD.

Opera House (Miller and Dittenhofer, managers): J. K. Emmet in Fritz had a good audience 30. Our people were somewhat disappointed in Mr. Emmet. Helen Sedgwick, in Katastrophe, a spy-play, was very satisfactory. The house was well filled 25, attracted by the Silver Spar co. Not many new things have been introduced to freshen the performance since last seen here, but W. H. Smiley and St. Alken, as Bush and Jugg, managed to keep the audience in a continuous uproar. George C. Boniface in The Streets of New York entertained a small audience 23. Nalad Queen 27-29; Wilber Dramatic co. May 4, week.

Items: Helen Sedgwick, Emmet's leading lady, was considerably riled when here because she was advertised as with the Silver Spar co., which played here 25, and said she would make them trouble if they still continued to use her name. The manager of the Silver Spar co. claims that they were simply using the title of the lithographs, with no intention to deceive the public.—The town is completely packed up with circus and verities of Bella Brothers and Adams Forepaugh, who are to be here May 25 and 26. Every available space has been used, each trying to outdo the other in making their displays.—The theatrical people are complaining bitterly of the manner in which the roads are enforcing the Inter-State Commerce law here in Ohio.

NEW PHILADELPHIA.

The Irish actor, Charles Eris Verner, with a fair co., made his first appearance here 21 and was received by a house who were pleased with actor and support in Shamus O'Brien.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.

New Market Theatre (J. J. Howe, manager): Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight played a very successful engagement 18-16, and left on steamer evening of 16 for San Francisco.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ALLENTOWN.

Academy of Music (B. J. Hagenbuch, manager): W. H. Rightmire's co. held the boards the last half of the past week. The Boss or Living for Vengeance, and the two Wanderers were presented to average good business.

Music Hall (Kilwood Newhart, manager): The Cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg, under the auspices of the Grand Army posts, drew fair business 25-27. Rose Cottage in Peg Woffington 29.

BETHLEHEM.

Lehigh Theatre (L. F. Walters, manager): Gus Williams in Captain Miehler 18; fair business.

Items: Colonel D. A. Keyes, advance agent of On the Rio Grande, drew a fair house 25, and was well received. The piece was well acted, and the support was good. Mr. Gromman, of Moore and Vivian's co., returned to his home here 19, the co. having disbanded. Mr. Gromman will rejoin the co. in the Fall. The Philadelphia architect, in making the plans for a building to be erected on the site of the Grand Opera House, which was destroyed by fire some three years ago. Rumor has it that the building will include an opera house.

LANCASTER.

Fulton Opera House (B. Yecker, proprietor): Milton Red, in The Phantom, drew a large house 18. The star is as fine as ever, but the support was only fair. Edwin Thorne's co. in The Black Flag drew a very good house 19. The audience, however, were disappointed at the absence of the star, who for some unexplained reason did not appear.

King Street Opera House (C. Burger, manager): Sanford's co. drew good houses 18 and 19, week, presenting Under the Lash and The Broadwinner. Another change of management has placed Mr. C. Burger in charge.

ITEMS:

Holland's U. T. C. co., which played here 16, disbanded 18, the principal people refusing to go any further with him, claiming that salaries had not been paid. Part of the co. were badly stranded, and the Jubilee Singers are still here, singing at various places.

WILKESBARRE.

Music Hall (H. Burgender, manager): Zozo 18, with the Venus in the Sky, played to a small house. The well-colored boy was the only point of interest in the entire entertainment. Joseph Murphy in Kerry Gow 20; standing-room only and a very good entertainment. Lizzie Evans in Our Angel 31; good house and co.; audience well pleased.

EASTON.

Able's Opera House (William Schultz, manager): Ida Lewis, April 18; week; good houses. Lizzie Evans 20.

DANVILLE.

Opera House (Frank C. Anglin, manager): Dan's Sully 16; good house; very good satisfaction. Gus Williams and co. in Captain Miehler 23; large house; audience very enthusiastic. Mr. Williams is a great favorite here. His last performance for this season. Frank I. France 29.

SUTLER.

Opera House (I. I. McCandless, manager): Sparks Brothers 23; fair business. Programme is specially throughout and good of the kind. Lewis Opera co. May 5-6.

BEAVER FALLS.

Sixth Avenue Theatre (C. W. Rohrbaste, manager): Keller gave two of his wonderful performances 18-19; good business. Maggie Harold Comedy co. week of 25-26. John May 27.

Opera House (C. B. Foster, manager): Benedict's Monte Cristo 19; fair audience; good satisfaction. Zozo May 3.

DUBOIS.

Opera House (K. B. Nettleton, manager): Temple Theatre Opera co. 19; fair business; highly pleased audience. Total receipts, \$567.35.

POTTSVILLE.

Academy of Music (W. W. Mortimer, manager): The Black Flag 18, under the auspices of Central Rehearsal Club to a packed house. A great deal of satisfaction was created through the non-appearance of Edwin Thorne, the star, who was billed. His place was taken by Mr. Leo, who did but fairly. The place was that Mr. Leo drew 18 in New York City. The club after some discussion with the manager, got him to deduct a small amount of the guarantee. Joseph Jefferson 28.

ALTOONA.

Opera House (Marriott and Kridler, managers): J. K. Emmet in Fritz had a good audience 18, greeted by a crowded house, giving great satisfaction.

NORRISTOWN.

Music Hall (Wallace Boyer, manager): Kittle Rhoades opened a return engagement 18 to a packed house. Four nights people were turning away. Boston Ideal 20; strong than on previous visit. Over the Rio Grande 28; Lizzie Evans 30.

CARBONDALE.

Lizzie Evans in Foggy Ferry 21; crowded house. Miss Evans has introduced new features since last year, and is decidedly improved. Leonard Brothers 25, week.

MILTON.

Lizzie Evans in Foggy Ferry 20; big house.

MAUCH CHUNK.

Lizzie Evans gave her new play, Our Angel 20, to a large and delighted audience. Play very strong, and large performance.

WARREN.

Library Hall (Warner and Reis, managers): Maggie Mitchell appeared before a fair-sized audience 18, presenting Lorie. She gave good satisfaction, but the play did not please as well as others she has presented here. The co. was well received. A fair entertainment to small house. H. and L. Company benefit.

WILLIAMSPORT.

Academy of Music (William G. Elliot, proprietor): Lizzie Evans in Foggy Ferry 19; good-sized and very enthusiastic. The Little Tycoon 20, large, refined and highly delighted audience. It was a return date. Carrie Dietrich and T. B. Maffit, being former residents, were received with great applause. Mr. Maffit took the part of Rufus Ready for the first time here, and did nobly. Co. composed of good talent throughout. Gordon's Opera co. 25, week.

OIL CITY.

Opera House (Kane and Rogers, managers): Keller 20-21, gave two decidedly interesting performances of his skill as a musician. Fairly good houses. Monte Cristo by Arden Benedict 23, drew fair houses. P. F. Baker May 4.

ERIE.

Park Opera House (John P. Hill, manager): Maggie Mitchell in Lorie 21, played to a large and fashionable audience. All highly pleased. Boston Ideal 20.

Items: Managers are complaining more bitterly about the Inter-State law. They say that the cost of transportation for baggage scenery and people has in many cases been greatly increased. One manager told me it would under the new rules cost him \$200 to take his co. from Dunking, N. V., to N. Y. City—an increase on the old rate of nearly \$100. Others say it

will make their early disbandment an imperative necessity.—Mr. Kerr, business manager for Wagner and Reis, was in town last week.

NORTH EAST.

Short's Opera House (W. W. McCreary, manager): Flower of the Family, by the Northeast Dramatic Association 19. Big house and well received.

JOHNSTOWN.

Opera House (Weaver and Jordan, managers): McCall's Opera co. in The Black Hussar 20; only fair business. Best opera co. ever heard of seen here, and should have drawn a packed house. Standard Dramatic co. May 4, week.

READING.

Academy of Music (John D. Miehler, manager): The Black Flag was presented 25-27; large houses. Tony Hart May 3.

Grand Opera House (George M. Miller, manager): Goldie and St. Clair's Specialty co. gave good performance to large houses 25-27. Sam'l of Posen 28-30; Melville Sisters May 4, week.

SCRANTON.

Academy of Music (C. H. Lindsay, manager): Zozo 19-20, to fair business. Neither the play nor the co. was good. Joseph Murphy in Shamus O'Brien, and Kerry Gow 21-22, large houses. The plays seemed to please as well as ever.

1990

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, April 14.

Revivals, "second editions" and Easter holiday-makings have for the most part been the order of the theatrical day—and night—since my last. There has certainly been one tiny novelty, which, in the shape of a one-act comedy called *A Dark Night's Bridal*, was put on at the Vaudeville last Saturday evening. For this piece Robert Buchanan is held responsible, and those who now seek to excuse him for his production do so on the principle adopted by Mr. Easy's wet-nurse with regard to something which *she* had produced—namely, that it (the production) was such a very little one. For his story Mr. Buchanan has gone to the Middle Ages, via R. L. Stevenson, who probably had one of Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques" in his mind when he wrote the little story which gave Buchanan his plot.

The Sire De Chasseloup is a fierce Burgundian baron or squire or knight of the shire—whichever may be the correct equivalent of the handle to his name. This gentleman has a grim castle and a pretty niece, Blanche, whom he evidently believes to be no better than she should be—if not worse. Henri de St. Valery, a medieval dude, happening to pass that way one night, enters the castle—whether for shelter or from pure cussedness is not quite clear—and accidentally running against la Demoiselle Blanche, is presently surprised by her uncle, who at once assumes that Henri is Blanche's secret lover. So the old man gives the young one the option of marrying Blanche or being hanged—and graciously allows the pair half an hour to talk it over, at the expiration of which time the sentence—matrimony or sus-per-collation, according as Henri shall opt—will infallibly be carried out. During their interview both show awfully bad form, but just as time is about to be called they agree to make the best of a bad bargain and to render each other miserable for life.

Buchanan's friends say that he meant *A Dark Night's Bridal* for a dainty little "pome" to be played in a dainty little manner. Buchanan's enemies—that is to say, all who do not unquestioningly accept as inspired the slightest Buchananian utterance—say that R. B. has been trying his hand at Gilbertian topsyturvydom, and has failed in his attempt. On the other hand, it may be that the artists engaged misread Mr. Buchanan's intentions and misrepresented their author accordingly. Royce Carleton was acceptable as the Sire de Chasseloup. But Fuller Melish (Henri) and Kate Rorke (Blanche) did not seem to thoroughly realize what they would be at, and the result was on the whole unsatisfactory. The audience seemed somewhat knocked by the proceedings, and made no sign worth mention, either of approval or condemnation.

I have had another look at Held by the Enemy since it went into the evening bill at the Princess, and I like the piece even better at the second sampling than I did at the first. There is in its reception every sign of a popular success. Curiously enough, the stall-folk have not as yet caught on. A friend of mine lately returned from your side tells me that in New York it was precisely by the stall patrons—or those who would be stall patrons here—that the play was most appreciated. But of course the distinctions of "class" are not so strongly marked in your theatres as in ours, and this may account for the difference. At the Princess Held by the Enemy is, as I have said, a popular success. On the night of my visit there may have been five pounds (\$25) in the stalls, but there certainly wasn't more. On the other hand, money is turned away nightly from pit and gallery, and those who get in follow every line with the most rapt attention—more especially the court-martial scene in all its details. The climax thereof sends the audience to enthusiasm. Charles Warner's Colonel Prescott is the best thing I have seen him do lately. Of course he still gasps and jerks somewhat, for 'tis his nature to; but considering his opportunities I vow that I am astonished at his moderation. Charles has left off making faces at the audience and playing to the gallery, and his acting is all the better for it. His Colonel Prescott is really and truly a fine figure of a man, and it is a sound, robust, yet withal tender piece of acting. When necessity arises for the "intensity" stop to be turned on, both the Colonel and Rachel McCreery—otherwise Alma Murray—are fully equal to the occasion, and the effect is very fine. The light comedy business between Bean and Susan (as represented by Yorke Stephens and Annie Hughes) goes down immensely well with the public, though some judicious critics have preferred to grieve thereat. Stephens' part is full of "fat" and he makes the most of it. Miss Hughes, though of course unable to exploit the humors of the Kentuckian (or is it Virginian?) accent after the manner of the young lady who played the part at the Madison Square Theatre, nevertheless contrives to invest the character with a coquettish charm which leaves nothing to be desired. If the success of Held by the Enemy continues it is to be hoped that the Princess' management will be able to afford to have the theatre swept and washed, if not garnished. It is dirty enough now in all conscience.

The last nights of Faust at the Lyceum are

now within measurable distance. Irving has just issued a manifesto setting forth what he intends to do in the way of revivals. On Saturday, April 23, he will start the series with *The Bells and Jingle*. Faust will be played every Friday evening until the close of the season, but not on other nights. There will, however, be three matinees. From May 16 to 26 *The Merchant of Venice* will be represented, and after this *Louis XI.*, *Much Ado About Nothing* and *Olivia* will follow on by easy stages until July 16, when Irving and company will bid Londoners good-bye until April, 1888.

Last Sunday the *Referee* published a rumor to the effect that Wilson Barrett will very likely have a new theatre ready for him in the West End of London by or before next Christmas. Some think we have already got more theatres than good actors—and yet the cry is, Still they come—the theatres, I mean, and not the actors. Some weeks ago I told of one which John Hollingshead was said to be building. Rumor now associates him with another, but neither is as yet begun. John has, however, solemnly declared that these are mere "speculations"—that is to say, that he will neither lease nor manage them himself. Which would seem to imply that he has at last recovered some of his old practical common sense, which, judging by some of his recent exploitations, seemed to have been leaving him. Edward Terry has taken a twenty-one years' lease of the theatre which Charles Wilkes is building in the Strand, on the site of the old Occidental Tavern. Violet Melnotte has been circularizing the press to the effect that not only has she no intention of giving up the Comedy Theatre, but she is open to take another theatre also if she can find one to suit her. That Augustus Harris wants (or says he wants, which is not quite the same thing) the control of two London pantomimes next Christmas, you already know from my former letters. Harris' efforts in this direction have just been definitely stopped, so far as concerns Covent Garden—but this by the way. Andrew Melville, a provincial manager well-known for his enterprising peculiarities, is said to have found a site for a new theatre in the Strand. Mrs. Bernard Beere, Jennie Lee and one or two other leading ladies are, so I hear, anxious to become lessees. Meanwhile the Empire stands empty—though, if all I hear be true, the enterprising syndicate which has lately taken the house in hand will not allow this condition of things long to continue. Still, it is borne in upon me that even if we have not got too many theatres in London, we have certainly got quite enough, as some of these enterprising entrepreneurs may find out to their cost before long.

Mark Melford's new comedy-drama, *Ivy* (late Will-o'-the-Wisp), which was to have been produced at the Royalty on Monday, was postponed owing to Alice Atherton being down with bronchitis. Edouin now promises the production for next Saturday. *Madame Favart* will be revived at the Avenue on Monday.

Anyone walking into the Gaiety Theatre at midnight on Sunday might have fancied he had lost his way and got into Fairyland. The stalls and pit-seats had been removed, and all around were palms, ferns and choice exotics. And gliding hither and thither along the improvised polished floor were large numbers of more or less lovely ladies in more or less lovely toilettes; also there were shoals of prominent players and playresses, journalists, warriors, legal lights, M. P.'s, peers and so forth, all assembled at the invitation of Manager Edwardes to celebrate the hundredth performance of Richard Henry's successful burlesque-melodrama, *Monte Cristo, Jr.*, which "century" (called on the card "anniversary") had arrived of five nights before.

The supper, which started at 12:30, was most "rekerky," and (glorious innovation!) there was no speechmaking. Not even was the health of Manager Edwardes proposed. Manager E. occupied the chair, having on his right Nellie Farren (the popular Edmond Dantes of the show) and on his left Kate Vaughan, who runs Old Comedy at the neighboring Opera Comique. The charge of the other tables was allotted to Charles Harris (the stage-manager of the piece and of the proceedings); to Meyerhutz (the director of the music); Fred Leslie (whose *Rouge et Noir*, convulses all London); E. J. Lennon (the De Villefort) and to Richard Butler and Henry Chance Newton, who collectively form the "Richard Henry" on the play-bill. "Richard," however, was too ill to attend, and so the "firm" was only half represented.

Dancing started at 2:30 A. M. and lasted until 5. Very fine the dancing was, too. Other merriment prevailed in the shape of song, and just before the celebrators strolled out into the broad daylight Lionel Brough sprang a vote of thanks to George Edwardes and to Charles Harris, both of whom replied with commendable brevity. It was indeed a merry time, and lamentation, not loud but deep, is heard from those who were not invited.

At German Reed's on Monday a new first-part called *The Naturalist*, and written by Comyns Carr, was produced. It has plenty of knockabout farce in it, but it is far inferior to Carr's former sketch here, *A United Pair*. Corney Graw's new sketch, *Jubilee Notes*,

however, is about the funniest thing even he has done, and keeps the house in a roar all the time.

Your Miss Adelaide Detton, warbler, reciter and chirruper (who first appeared among us in a silly play, by Buchanan, called *Agnes*), has arranged to give shows at the Prince's Hall, up in Piccadilly.—A young and lovely trapezist calling herself "The Beautiful Geraldine," and bearing a large consignment of enthusiastic American press-notices, has just come to our Alhambra.—The London Stage wants an Actors' Institute built in honor of the Jubilee. I hope it will get it.

GAWAIN.

The Amateur Stage.

CLOUDS AT TURN HALL.

A number of members of different amateur societies participated in a performance of Fred Marsden's comedy-drama, *Clouds*, at the Turn Hall Theatre on last Wednesday evening, the entertainment being given by Martin J. Dixon. The play was presented in particularly good shape, under the stage direction of Prof. John J. Vause. In the role of Stella Gordon, Margaret Carroll bore off the honors, and proved herself capable of greater things. She is possessed of a handsome stage presence and considerable grace of movement. In the stronger parts of the play she was, however, at times lacking in power. G. Morton Brennan, as Fred, Town, was decidedly funny, sharing the honors in this respect with P. F. Trainor, who enacted the role of Albery Sedley. Edna Hamilton looked pretty and acted fairly as Cora Adair, while Mamie Hammett, as Ella Randall, was as gushing as the part called for. The remainder of the cast was fair.

THE LEAGUE IN THE HONEYMOON.

The second performance of the season given by the League of Amateur Dramatic Societies took place at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on last Friday evening, when an extra large audience witnessed the presentation of *The Honeymoon*. The play was given a fairly smooth representation, although the numerous changes of scenery made it seem rather slow, and the performance was over by 11 o'clock, which is something out of the ordinary for the amateur entertainments usually given at this house.

Duke Aranza is, next to the part of Juliana, the star role of the play, yet the honors of the evening, in the male line, were carried away by the Rolando, Thomas Platt. The character seemed to fit the young man to a dot, and he acted it with a vim and careful attention to detail that surprised the audience and delighted his friends. Henri Lee enacted the role of the Duke, and made up well—so well, indeed, that but few knew him. It is unfortunate that he was not so happy in his acting, which was mechanical and lacked verve. It is pleasant to note that the Juliana, Hannah M. O'Keefe, made a complete success of her role. She was bright and sparkling, and seemed to grasp the meaning of her lines and of her character instinctively. As Volante, Agnes Boyton shared the honors with the Juliana, both ladies dressing their parts with equal good taste. In the scene with Ronald, Miss Boyton kept the audience in a roar. As Jacques, Will N. Holmes proved himself the possessor of considerable comedy ability. Frank Thonger was good as Lampedo. Charles L. Harris, as Count Montallion, while rather stiff in the first act, warmed up to his work later and did some excellent acting. Fanny Friedman, in the role of Zamora, handicapped herself in the first act by a ludicrous costume, and her good acting did not consequently impress her audience as it should. In the last act, however, she was highly effective. Charles Trier, in spite of the lack of necessary rehearsals, did the small part of Lopez very well, while the rest of the cast was satisfactory. The May Pole Dance showed the lack of proper rehearsals, and the entire performance would have gone with more vim had the actors been better up in their lines and not been forced to await the prompter's voice so often.

THE AMARANTH IN NO THOROUGHFARE.

Many of the best known names in amateur circles were appended to the circular indorsing the testimonial performance to Mrs. William H. Courtney. This lady was formerly a prominent actress in the Amaranth, generally appearing under the name of Helen Dayton. She has recently met with domestic affliction, and it was a most graceful thing for the amateurs to come forward so generously in her behalf. The cast was substantially the same as when *No Thoroughfare* was presented by the Amaranth last season, but the performance was not as good. It lacked David Belasco's guiding genius and melodramatic stage management. The situations were badly worked up, and the climax of the last act was not given with anything approaching the same effect as on the previous representation of the same piece. There was no particular fault to be found with Charles Heckman, but he was naturally handicapped from the lack of ensemble. His Oberon is a very fine impersonation, and there is no one on the amateur boards who would venture to compete with him in this role. The Joey Ladie of Percy Williams is also deserving of high commendation as an artistic character sketch. Alfred Young was a creditable George Vendale, and Ida E. Williams acted the part of Marguerite with good effect. Other members of the cast were Velled Lady, Ada Austin; Sarah Galloway, Ada Woodruff; Little Walter Harding, Channing Gray Whitney; Madame Dor, Mamie Sloan; First Wife, Annie L. Hyde; Second Wife, Jeannie Cochran; First Husband, J. C. Wilson; Second Husband, William P. McFarlane; Mr. Bintry, Charles W. Bellows, Jr.; Walter Harding, Frederic Bowne; Jean Marie, Charles Rohls; Jean Paul, W. M. Campbell; Father Francis, J. C. Costello; First Monk, Frank Norris; Second Monk, Thomas T. Hayden; Third Monk, Fred. C. Randall; Landlord, Albert Meafoy.

THE GILBERT IN SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

The Gilbert has certainly done a great deal to redeem the inferiority of several performances given in the earlier part of the season.

The representation of *She Stoops to Conquer* was not brilliant by any means, but a very creditable affair in the main. The Young Marlowe of Adam Dove was naturally deficient in that delightful comedy humor with which Lester Wallace acts the part—yet it was an excellent impersonation from an amateur standpoint. William T. Harris was somewhat large for a typical Tony Lumpkin—that is, according to what has been considered a favorable size when the piece is cast on the professional stage. Still, Mr. Harris has considerable comedy talent, and proved entertaining and artistic throughout. Alice Ferris was a capital Constance Neville. She made her points with excellent effect, and her entire rendering of the role deserves high praise. The same may be said with equal justice of Hattie F. Nefflin, whose impersonation of Mrs. Hardcastle would be difficult to surpass in an amateur cast. Charles T. Catlin was an efficient Mr. Hardcastle, but was somewhat lacking in size and various other qualifications for a model interpretation of a fine old English gentleman. Pauline Willard was an intelligent and comely Kate Hardcastle, but missed many of the best points with which the character is associated. Others involved in the cast were John F. Dyer as Sir Charles Marlowe, Charles Canfield as George Hastings, M. Lindemann as Digby, Edward F. Cole as Roger, G. H. Beuermann as Stingo, Walter H. Jones as Jack Slang, Edwin F. Harris as Jeremy and Aggie Wilson as Dolly.

A COHORS MIKADO.

The Mikado was sung by local talent at the Cohors (N.Y.) Opera House April 19. The choruses were nicely rendered, showing careful training and marked musical ability. Mr. Haborly's Ko-Ko was the hit of the evening. Harry Sweet's Poo-Bah was well conceived and well sung. Fordie Russell's Nanki Poo was a disappointment from a musical point of view, but his acting was pleasing. James Lang's Mikado was well rendered. Jessie Miller, as Katisha, carried off acting and vocal honors among the ladies. Miss Abel's Pitti Sing and Miss Weston's Yum-Yum were not far behind.

AN EXCLUSIVE MARBLE HEART.

About sixty persons were in the Academy of Music, Baltimore, on Saturday night to witness a performance of *The Marble Heart* which had been announced as under the patronage of leading society people of that city. The performance was a very exclusive affair. With the exception of the sixty above mentioned, the entire population of Baltimore was excluded. Harry Ludlum came over some days before and made arrangements to give the play with Caroline Hill as Marco and some well-known society amateurs of New York City in the cast. How Caroline Hill managed to get through her part with a serious face cannot be understood. Heron Allen played Raphael acceptably, but the rest of the company was rather shaky, and Harry Ludlum's Volage one of the funniest things ever seen on the Monumental amateur stage. His gestures and the way in which he read the lines were funnier than Nat Goodwin's Professor Whiffles. Raphael's death act was marred by the curtain falling on him and leaving his feet and legs in view of the audience.

NOTES.

The Clio presented *Worth a Struggle* at the Brooklyn Athenaeum on Friday evening, April 22.

Members of the Amateur Opera Association were heard in Les Mousquetaires at the Brooklyn Academy on Saturday evening, April 23. Maritana will be repeated on May 12 at the same place.

The Clarendon interpreted *Single Life* at the Brooklyn Athenaeum on Monday evening, April 25.

An entertainment will be given at the German Club Rooms, Staten Island, on Sunday evening, April 30.

The Early Dance and Comedy Club invited a large number of guests to an entertainment and dinner at the ball-room of the Vienna on Monday evening, April 25. An amateur cast presented *The Captain of the Watch*.

Elita Otis, W. A. Clarke and other well-known amateurs appeared in *The Pride of the Market* at the Lyceum Theatre on Thursday afternoon, April 21. One thousand dollars is said to have been netted for the Chapin Home.

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